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Saturday Evening, May 20, 1876.

NOTICE.

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TRUE CONCEIT.

What the world very often mistakes for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of the inward power, which is, in truth, very different from it. In our commmon acceptation of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often, great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But, if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is not to be blamed. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who exhibits the richest crop of conceit.

This quality in youth should not be sneered away or banished, for, mean as it may appear, it has its uses. A little hard work in the world will rub down its salient points. The most conceited young fellow who ever lived will find his level soon enough when brought to the rude experience of the world. The great object should be for us to preserve sufficient manliness before man, which will lead to self-respect, reliance, nobleness, independence and dignity. We must steer cleverly through all the shoals and quicksands of life, cultivating a proper lowliness, but yet an humble pride, if we seek, as all should seek, to be proper and true men.

THE HOME-USES OF THE EXPOSITION.

By this time the Centennial Exposition is occupying the attention of most of our readers, even that class which turn with especial interest to this department—the mothers, the housekeepers, and the home-makers of the country. We leave to others the consideration of our great anniversary in its historical, political, scientific, or artistic aspect, but we have a word to say in regard to its relations to these our own friendly hearers. No such opportunity of education has ever been offered to children and young people in this country. We have no doubt that Philadelphia will be visited by the majority of our readers some time during the Exposition. And to those who cannot come, it will be brought closer by innumerable reports, pictures, etc., etc. We wish to remind thoughtful parents that it is not, so far as they are concerned, an occasion for a gush of patriotism, or a magnificent show to pass before them like a brilliant panorama, vague and unreal as one of Aladdin's visions, and to be speedily forgotten. It is a chance which will certainly not occur again during their life-time, of impressing upon the minds of children the events of our early history. Making the birth of the Republic and its hundred years' growth a real, tangible fact, to be seen by them pictorially, as it were: not learned from the dry pages of text-books. If there be any virtue in the example of the great men who made us a nation, any influence in their honor, integrity, or earnestness beneficial to young people, now is the time to make them live and speak again. The boy who sees the nations of the earth paying homage to the birthday of our independence, is likely to understand better all his life the worth of that independence; or when he finds people from all parts of the country coming to look with reverence at a plain brick building and a cracked bell, he will never forget the meaning of the events which made them honorable. There is a chance, too, for the school-boy and girl to gain a knowledge which no book can afford of countries which they in all probability will never visit. The boys who have seen the Japanese goods, or watched their workmen building their bamboo houses, using plane and saw in a manner altogether their own, who have noticed their skill, shrewdness, good-temper, and discipline, who have observed them at meals, or at prayer, or play, will have a more accurate idea of that far-off people and their status in civilization, than they could gain from a year's study of other men's travels. The same remark will apply to every other country represented in the Exposition. Here are Europe and the East within our gates—not to be studied through pages of map questions, or historical tables of dates. But to comprehend these living pictures, a child will require an intelligent guide, and the mother who proposes to help her children in this opportunity for a liberal education to be obtained through the eyes, will find books and hard study very necessary to herself. We only throw out the suggestion; the mother, enlightened and zealous enough to accept it, will best know how to carry it into practice.—[*Scribner for May*.

* * *

How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within, or whether it is only the play of sunbeams that chance to fall on him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel and mallet—not mor- iced into the soul; it is "put out" like arm of a tree, whose green, unravel- leeve flutters with the life it shares.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

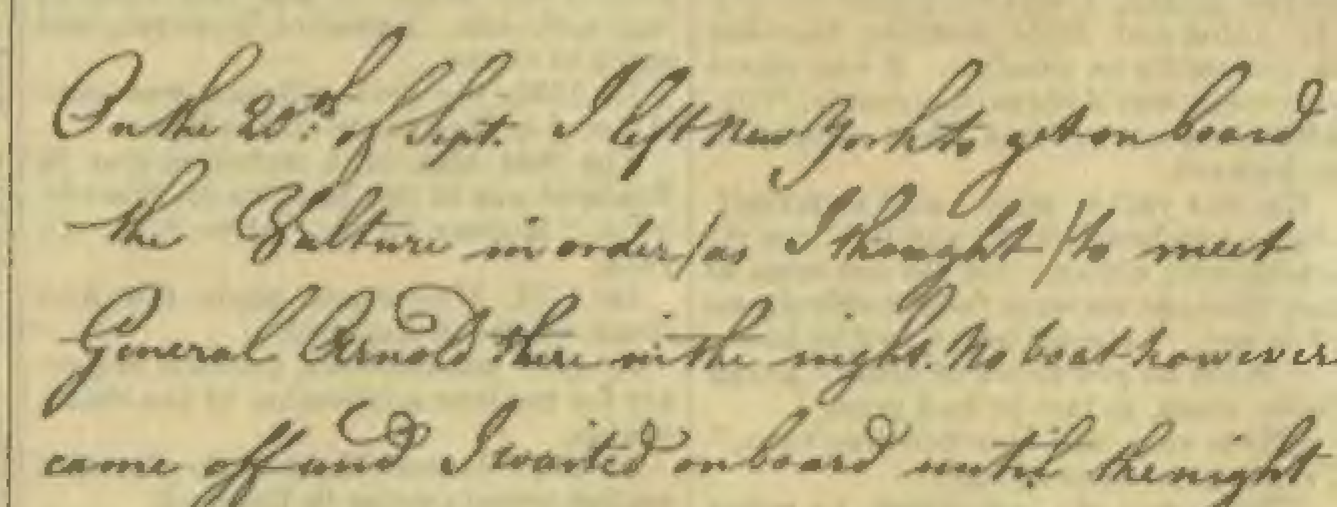
By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XVII.

THE TREASON OF ARNOLD.

Should the lengthening years ever render it possible to present to the world a grand epic poem of the American Revolution, in which its heroes shall stand forth like those of Homer, the pages that record the treason of Benedict Arnold and the sad sacrifice of John Andre's young life will be the darkest in the volume—pages over which future generations need not blush to pay the tribute of a sigh and a tear. Indeed, this is a subject that no Briton or American can approach without regret and sorrow. The black and premeditated treason of General Arnold, who had served through the war, was so clearly the barter of name, honor, and country for the enemy's gold; while Major Andre's irreproachable military career pleaded eloquently for him, and his conduct under the trials that befel him was so noble that, as we irresistibly shrink from the one, we feel, through the lapse of so many years, the genial influence of the character and manners that charmed all who met him, friend and foe alike.

From the gay scenes of the fetes and entertainments that enlivened the winter of 1778 in Philadelphia, where Andre was ever the life of the company, we turn with sadness to that other widely-different picture, where, among thick underbrush on the shores of the Hudson, the same young officer appears in earnest conversation with an American general. Hither Andre had come in the British sloop-of-war, the Vulture, as John Anderson, to meet his quondam correspondent, "Gustavus," this being the name assumed by Arnold.



On the 20th of Sept. I left New York to get on board
the Vulture in order (as I thought) to meet
General Arnold there in the night. No boat however
came off and I waited on board until the night
of the 21st
John Andre Adj Gen
to the Brit. Army

During his residence in Philadelphia, serious charges had been made against the commandant, which were finally remanded to a court-martial, one of the complaints preferred being that he had made unjust financial statements, in order to obtain money from the government for his own purposes. By this military court, Arnold was sentenced to what would seem the mildest form of punishment, a reprimand from the Commander-in-chief, which was delivered with all possible delicacy. But with treacherous designs already forming in his mind—for he had been carrying on a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for some months—to meet the eye of this pure patriot and hear from his lips even the most gentle rebuke, must have raised a seething, volcanic fire in Arnold's breast; indignation, wounded vanity, and revenge sought some prompt means of redress.

Repressing all demonstration of anger, he set about concocting a plan that would, at the same time, satisfy this revenge and furnish him with means to liquidate his numerous debts. Finding all smaller treacherous barters unsuccessful, Arnold, through the influence of friends and by personal appeals to Washington, obtained command of West Point, which strong fortress it was his base design to sell to the enemy, should they bid sufficiently high.

The correspondence on this subject was carried on, in figurative language, and through Major Andre, who had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Arnold—once Miss Peggy Shippen—during Howe's occupation of Philadelphia. There have been numerous discussions as to whether this lady was accessory to her husband's crime; but regarding the question from the standpoint of the best historians, we entertain the more agreeable opinion that she was totally innocent.

In an old letter, written to a Philadelphia lady of a hundred years ago, the writer informs her friend that she has been instrumental in getting back a picture of Miss A—— from General Arnold, about which another lady—evidently Miss Shippen—expressed eager interest and curiosity. This small bit of gossip leads us to infer that Benedict, like the hapless rival of the young Lochinvar, was "faithless in love," as well as a "dastard in war," for had he not been tampering with Miss A——'s affections before declaring his absorbing passion for Miss Peggy?

Many of Arnold's plans were matured in the presence of Washington, whom he escorted a few days before the treason was ripe, across the North river, with Lafayette, to Hartford, where they were to meet Count Rochambeau. Lafayette had recently returned to America, and the hearts of the patriots had been cheered by the arrival of Rochambeau with 6,000 French soldiers, who also came this year, (1780), and were placed under Washington's command, the colors of France and the Colonies being blended upon the army banners.

A curious conversation took place during this trip to Hartford, which might have led to the betrayal of the traitor, had Washington possessed a more suspicious nature.

Lafayette turned to Arnold, and in a jesting manner, in view of the anticipated arrival of Admiral de Guichen and his squadron, said, "General, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain what has become of De Guichen."

The correspondence alluded to had reference to the easy communication between West Point and New York by means of the Hudson; but Arnold's heart must have quailed, as he quickly demanded, "What do you mean, General?"

At this moment, the barge struck the shore, and Washington and Lafayette, unsuspicious of danger, went their way.

When morning began to dawn upon the unfinished conference in the thicke on the banks of the Hudson, Arnol persuaded young Andre, who had expected to return to the British headquarters immediately in the Vulture, t accompany him to Smith's house, fiv miles distant, making no provision fo his safety, and not informing him tha such a measure would necessitate hi passing into the enemy's country.

When we reflect that this delay wa occasioned by Arnold's desire to wrin the money that he needed from the British government as the price of the American fortress, we shall be able, in som degree, to conceive the anger and distrust that filled the heart of Andre when, the negociations being concluded, anc the papers treating of the terms of th barter concealed in his boots, he awok to the fact that no arrangements hac been made for his return to the Vultur by Arnold, who, having gained his end was on his way to West Point to be i readiness to fulfil his part of the treaty

The details of Andre's capture on th 23d of September, while endeavoring t reach New York alone by a land route, by Paulding, Van Wart and Williams are too familiar to be dwelt upon, bu of the fortitude with which he bore th sad news of the fate in store for him, and the manner in which this interesting and gifted officer charmed his captors, from highest to lowest, too much canno be said. A young country girl, at whos home Paulding and his companion stopped with their prisoner for a short time, was so touched by Andre's appearance, that she could never after recal the scene without tears.

Arrived at North Castle, Jameson, ir command there, sent the papers founc in Andre's boots to Washington, and most unwisely despatched a letter to Arnold, in whose treachery he could no bring himself to believe.

The very morning on which these documents were on their way to the Commander-in-chief, he, with Lafayette, Knox and others, was riding from Fishkill to Robinson's house to breakfast there, by appointment, with Arnold and his beautiful young wife, who had recently come from Philadelphia to join him. Washington sent on an apology to Mrs. Arnold, and turned aside to examine some redoubts, Knox and Lafayette accompanying him; but, while the rest of the party were at breakfast, Jameson's messenger arrived, bearing the news of Andre's capture, and his (Jameson's) letter to Arnold. Seeing at a glance that all was lost, he excused himself from his guests, and with a hasty explanation to his wife, who had followed him from the table, mounted the messenger's horse, and sped towards the river.

Here Arnold gained his barge, and giving his men orders to pull with all speed, passed through the Highlands in safety, and finally succeeded in getting alongside of the Vulture—thus the asylum that should have been Andre's guarded this perfidious traitor, who reached the British lines, and afterwards became a brigadier in his Majesty's service.

It is said that Washington, when this conspiracy was revealed to him, exclaimed:

"Whom can we trust now!"

Arnold was beyond the reach of justice, and the young officer captured within the American lines and proven to be a spy, was, by the inexorable code of war, sentenced to be hung, a similar judgment having been meted to young Hale, taken as a spy by the British on Long Island.

Three fatal errors had Andre committed in direct violation of Sir Henry Clinton's commands—the first was in passing within the American lines; the second in receiving papers that would implicate him; and the third was in assuming a disguise—in all of which he was doubtless led on by his fearlessness and earnest desire to consummate what would bring certain success and glory to the British arms, for the prevalent opinion was that the capture of West Point would end the war.

The fact of the disastrous consequences to American liberty that would have followed a successful termination of this conspiracy, must weigh against any charge of harshness attributed to the board of officers appointed by Washington to decide the case of Major Andre.

Notwithstanding Lord Mahon's long argument to prove that the sentence pronounced by these gentlemen, and approved by Washington, was unjust, the voices of most of the bravest and best have upheld him in his confirmation of their decision.

Lossing says that there was no question among military men as to the equity of the sentence, but the sympathy evinced for Andre by American as well as British officers was deep and sincere, and many were the efforts made to save him from his sad fate.

Hamilton thus succinctly expresses the sentiments of his countrymen:

"Never, perhaps did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less."

It is not strange that Washington refused to see the prisoner, lest his judgment should be biased, yet it is said that he shed tears on signing his death-warrant. That he should have resisted Andre's eloquently expressed plea, that "he would adapt the mode of his death to the feelings of a man of honor," is not an evidence of want of sympathy on the part of the commander, as some have asserted, but of his rigorous and conscientious zeal in the fulfilment of duty.

It is needless to say that John Andre's last appeal from the scaffold, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man," has been warmly responded to by friend and foe—American historians feeling that they were doing good service in writing the eulogy of one whose very faults are spoken of as belonging to a generous and impulsive nature; while Britain paid her tribute in 1821, when Major Andre's remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.

It seems strange that on the very day of his capture the last canto of a humorous poem by Andre should have appeared. Running thus, the final verse seems almost prophetic:

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."

Alas! the hapless poet had fallen into far worse hands than those of the generous Wayne, when he entrusted life and honor to the man who held nothing dearer than gold.

EFFIE'S BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY OLIVE BELL.

One bitter cold morning in mid-winter two school girls tripped down the marble steps of a brown stone palace on a fashionable avenue up-town, and walked briskly along the almost deserted pavement.

"My! how dreadful sharp the air is!" cried Gertie Morton, a bright, darkeyed brunette of fifteen years, as she held her sable muff to her face to ward off the piercing winter wind. She was warmly and richly clad in furs and soft cashmere, as was also her companion, a delicate blonde with blush-rose cheeks and thoughtful blue eyes.

"Yes," she said, shivering slightly, "I had no idea it was so cold. Last night must have been a bitter night to the poor scarce of fuel."

'Pooh, Effie! you're always in a ferment about something. Let the poor look out for themselves. *We* are comfortable," laughed Gertie, her plump cheeks crimson with cold and exercise.

"Gertie!" Effie Mason turned her blue eyes on Gertie with a reproachful glance, "How can you be so thoughtless? Do you never think of Alice Carey's beautiful lines—

"None are too low, and too poor,
For hope to come down too.
And none, in the world's highest places
Are sure of keeping the heights they have won."

"God made us all, Gertie, rich and poor, and it is through His goodness we are among the fortunate instead of the unfortunate."

"Ugh! for goodness sake Effie, don't begin a sermon. The cold is enough to bear without being twitted about a body's sins."

"You need a little touching up, Gertie. It's only right for us to help and comfort the poor and needy. 'Inasmuch as ye give it unto the least of one of these, ye give it unto me,' the Savior says. And, Gertie, out of your abundance how much do you give to the poor?"

"Not a cent," laughed Gertie, whose good humor never failed her. "O, yes, I do! I put something into the contribution box every Sabbath; but like as not that goes into some deacon's pocket."

"Gertie, what a heathen you are!"

"Not a worse one unconverted, my dear. Bless me! what's that?"

The girls had turned into an alley to shorten the route to school and avoid the piercing east winds, and Gertie's toe had touched something lying in the shadow of a large building. Effie fearlessly stooped over the bundle of rags.

"A man, almost frozen to death!" cried she, throwing down her satchel and muff, and lifting up the man's gray head she looked into the withered face pityingly.

"Effie, you must be a goose," angrily cried Gertie, "come on and let the man lie there. How do you know but what he is dead drunk!"

"Hush!" Effie gently dropped the man's head as his eyelids suddenly unclosed.

"No, miss, I'm not drunk," he said in a faint voice. "But I'm starving with hunger, and I think I must have fainted from weakness."

"Poor, old soul!" ejaculated Effie; "here, Gertie, let us help him to his feet."

Effie caught one of the cold hands in her own, and Gertie, with many a sniff of contempt took hold of the other, and in an instant the bundle of rags was on his feet.

"There!" exclaimed Effie with childish delight, "take this and get out of the cold as soon as possible."

Effie emptied the contents of her pretty netted purse into the shivering palm, took off her fleecy white nubia and wrapped it around the aged man's unprotected neck, and said cheerily:

"Now, if you need anything more, come to No. 12 Madison Place and ask for Effie Mason."

The man, who in spite of his tattered clothing looked honest and respectable, bowed his gray head a moment, as if invoking a blessing on the youthful head.

"God bless you, and keep you always!" he said in a trembling voice as he moved away.

"I hope He will," murmured Effie, as she hurried after Gertie, "for it would be terrible to be cast out of His favor. Better poverty, hunger, sorrow, anything but that."

"Effie Mason, you have the least pride of any girl I know," was Gertie's stormy salute as Effie reached her side. "And I want you to understand, Effie, that the next time you want to help a street beggar to his feet you need not ask my assistance."

"Gertie, dear, do not be angry. I never could have left that man lying, half-starved, and almost frozen, such a morning as this in the open air. Have some charity—some pity for your suffering fellow mortals, Gertie—for, believe me, your life and mine may be full of privations yet," said Effie earnestly.

"Perhaps so. But I wouldn't give my pocket money away to anybody. You have not a cent to buy *bon-bons*."

"I can do very well without them. I have only done my duty, 'cast my bread upon the waters.'"

"Bah!" laughed Gertie, running up the academy steps. "I don't believe in any such nonsense."

Effie followed her schoolmate very thoughtfully. For Effie's goodness and religion were inborn, and Gertie's total want of every principle of benevolence and faith had long been a source of contention between them.

Both the daughters of successful merchants, both reared to every luxury, their future promised to be a happy and prosperous one.

Gertie Morton held everything beneath her in supreme contempt, snubbed her servants, badgered her dressmakers and made herself generally feared and disliked by the lower classes. While Effie with a wisdom and thoughtfulness beyond her years comforted the afflicted, fed the hungry, and made life pleasant and sweet to many a struggling creature, who would willingly have laid down its heavy burdens.

Years sped on. Effie and Gertie grew up to womanhood, were the reigning belles of a season or two. But the panic laid its withering touch on Mr. Mason, and Effie disappeared from society; while Gertie finished her maidenhood by wedding a young man, reputed wealthy, and the heir to many hundreds of thousands.

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Gertie Rollin, *nee* Morton, was lounging on a velvet sofa, before a glowing fire, one winter evening. She was a pretty piquant brunette, with as bright a bloom on her cheeks as of old, but her eyes were restless and brow slightly disfigured by a frown that spoiled the warm beauty of the dark face.

"What a drag life is after all!" was her mental lament as she yawned over a new novel she had been trying to read. "I wish Charley would hurry home from that funeral."

Charley came in presently, a good-looking, free and easy sort of a fellow, who did not seem to care whether he were rich or poor.

"Well, my love," yawned Gertie, "your uncle Joe is buried."

"Yes, Gertie, dead and buried," dryly replied Charley, seating himself before the fire, and unfolding the evening paper.

"Put that paper down," was the wifely command, "I want to hear the news. How much was uncle Joe worth?"

"Five hundred thousand."

"You don't say so! Won't that be a help to us?"

Mr. Rollin did not reply, but a curious smile flitted over his face.

"And he was once poor, you say?" she went on.

"Yes, a sudden reverse of fortune left him without a dollar. He fainted on the street once, from cold and hunger."

"Poor old creature!"

"Gertie," Mr. Rollin's voice was strangely stern, "do you remember Effie Mason?"

"To be sure, I do. A goose of a little thing, who patronized all the street beggars," said Mrs. Rollin, who never quite forgave Effie for forcing her to touch that "low creature."

"Where is she now?"

"Bless me, how do I know. Her father failed years ago, and they went into cheap lodgings somewhere."

"Well—she is Joe's heir."

"What?" Gertie was on her feet like a flash, "has he not left his fortune to you?"

"Not a dollar of it," grimly replied Mr. Rollin, who had the satisfaction of knowing that Gertie would not have married him but for that prospective fortune. "Do you remember the old man Effie helped to his feet one bitterly cold morning ten years ago?"

"That—that—was not your uncle Joe?" Gertie cried in vexation.

"That was uncle Joe. And he never forgot how Gertie Morton sneered at his poverty. Effie's pocket money procured him food and lodging, and a sudden change in fortune brought him wealth. He leaves every dollar of it to Effie, who has been teaching music to keep herself and parents from actual starvation."

"Provoking!" sniffed Gertie, as she flounced out of the room to take out her disappointment in a good cry.

"Provoking, indeed!" sighed Mr. Rollin, "for I needed the money. But uncle Joe never forgot a face or a favor."

He went on in the dreary channel of an aimless, fashionable life, while Effie—patient, long-suffering Effie rejoiced in the return of her "bread upon the waters."

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

"Aunt Patty," sang out little Charrie, "dear Aunt Patty, when little gals had parties a hundred years ago, what did they wear, and what did they do?"

"Humph!" said I; "when I was a gal, our parties had a porpoise in them," and I sot down into my old arm chair, spread my handkercher acrost my lap, folded my hands onto it, and sighed mildly for the weakness of this degineration, that clothed its darters in flimsy furbillows, and sent them, permiscous, into stifling atmosfears, to dance whirligigs with youngsters as over-ripe as themselves.

"I was nigh onto eight year and half of nine, when Charity Hazen had a silk-grass party," I said, reflectively, fittin' each tremblin' finger of my right hand onto the correspondin' one of my left. "Why father 'skorted me through the woods, pursooin' his track by means of trees marked for that porpoise, and he carried a long rifle, to fire a salute, he said, in honor of any bear he might meet. I well remember that summer walk. The woods were heavy with leaves, and the birds made a full orkistray, as your sister would call it, and I caught little glimpses of the water, that glimmered like glass in the sunshine. It was a very pretty pictur, child, or I couldn't remember seein' it well onto a hundred years ago. Wal, we picked silk-grass enough for Charity's bed —"

"Charity," sniggered the child; "what a funny name for a little gal."

"Funny name or not," says I, "it's your own name, eggzackly, and she was your great grandmarm, and I named her darter arter her, and her darter's darter, which is your own mother; and your name is jest Charity itself, and a sensible, significant name it is, afore it is chopped up into somethin' else. But as I was a sayin', we picked up her bed—and though I say it as oughtn't to say it, your Aunt Patty was called the best picker among 'em—and then we played blind man's buff in the log cabin, while the women folk sot on the bank of the lake ketchin' fish for our supper."

"Oh' Aunty," says Charrie, "it must been dreffal to be sech old fashioned little gals," and then she walked primly away.

And I observed that her pink sash was tied in a proper knot, and her flounces was shook out smooth behind, and I've fell onto this conclusion, that long tramps through the woods, and silk-grass parties did very well for the Charitys of the old time, but the Charries of the present gineration must be sarved to intertainments of a different sort.

Your most obejent sarvent,
AUNT PATTY.

A GOOD man is the next best thing on earth to a good woman.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THERE are numerous indications that a large number of American manufacturers will be sorry they did not commence to make preparations for exhibiting at the Centennial at an earlier day. They will feel that,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

THE use of the chapel, corner of Marion avenue and Forty-sixth street, within the Olive Cemetery, and near the Centennial Grounds, has been granted to the Rev. Hermann Bokum, of the Reformed Church. It will serve as a point of reunion for members of the various nationalities who will visit us. There is to be preaching in French, Spanish, and German, and in such other languages as circumstances may require.

C. GORDON has several specimens of his patent printing presses already in their places, and the Automatic Sewing Machine Company, of Milford, Connecticut, have a variety of sewing machines, varying in size from a baby specimen up to a veritable giant, carrying a needle almost as big as a crowbar. These machines are doubtless constructed by this company for doing all kinds of work—the finest to the coarsest, silks and cambrics to canvas and leather.

THERE have arrived in Machinery Hall, where they have been placed temporarily, the registering desks, which will be located in the ticket offices. They are furnished with projecting wickets, which the visitor passes as he deposits his ticket in the box. As he touches the wicket there is an automatic arrangement by which the movement is carried to an indicator similar to those used on steam pumps and engines. It is impossible for any one to pass the wicket without being registered, and its use will obviate the necessity of counting the tickets to ascertain how many persons have visited the grounds. As one will be placed at each of the thirteen entrances the operation becomes merely one of addition.

AMONG the most noticeable and attractive features now in progress in the Centennial Buildings is the magnificent new show-case constructed in Paris, sixty feet by thirty, devoted to the manufactures of the city of Lyons. We learn that the entire products of that great silk and velvet manufacturing centre of the Old World will be richly represented in the coming exhibition. The case itself will be a curiosity, and when furnished will present a quadrangular wall of plate glass covering three hundred and sixty lineal feet. In the centre of this enclosure, which will be entered from four sides, there is being arranged an elevated oval divan, from which, in luxurious ease, the whole display can be inspected at leisure.

THE Chinese structure, on which work is rapidly progressing, is divided into several courts. The main entrance will be modeled after the exterior of the Fukien Club House at Ningpo, while the other entrances will be reproductions of the facades of other noted Chinese buildings. The exhibits now in place comprises pottery, dyes, petroleum from Hankow, furs from Newchang, Chinese pictures, images, coins, and elaborate carvings in wood and ivory. The collection of Ningpo carvings alone will occupy several hundred square feet, and this space will be doubled when His Taotai's collection is in position. The specimens of Chinese costumes from all parts of the Empire will be particularly interesting, as many of them are of the richest material and the most exquisite workmanship.

THE Centennial Commission have provided thirty aquaries for the display of the fish of our rivers, lakes and seas. The fresh and salt water will be of about equal quantities, the aggregate approximating to twelve thousand gallons. Full preparation has been made for thorough filtration and æration and, when necessary, for refrigeration. The expenses attendant upon the fish display will be assumed by the Commission, and it is expected that fish will be contributed by the various State Fish Commissions, by associations, and by individuals interested in fish-culture. Parties so desiring may exhibit fish in tanks of their own construction, the care of which will be gratuitously assumed by the Commission. In addition to the display of living fish, will be exhibited the processes of hatching fish, and a full series of all the apparatus used in hatching and transporting roe and young fish.

AMONG the structures in the Main Building that of Netherlands takes the palm. It is built of wood, and is noted, like the pavilions of Sweden and Norway, for the superior excellence of its workmanship. A remarkable feature of this section is a structure divided into five parts by framework, radiating from a common centre and marking the outline of a regular pentagon. Above the centre rises a dome, and upon the frames are inscribed the names of all the principal public works of the country, models and paintings of which will be exhibited. The architect of the commissioners' office has cunningly devised a means for allowing the curious Holland officials to view unperceived what is going on in all parts of the Main Building. Apertures in the sides of the office have been filled with magnifying glasses, thus affording a view *a la* opera-glass of the United States and South America, and on the other side of the Atlantic, of Spain, Egypt, Great Britain, and dozens of other countries.

THE organization of the Centennial Fire Department is now almost completed, and there are already on duty one captain, two lieutenants, eight sergeants, four engineers, three drivers, and one hundred and thirty-five firemen, including the hook-and-ladder company. Four fire-engines are ready for use at a moment's notice, and others will be added. There are in the buildings one four-wheeled and four three-wheeled chemicals and five reels, with five thousand feet of forcing hose. In the Main Building forty men are on patrol duty, and the seventy-seven sub-way plugs under the floor have each a fifty-foot hose attached. In the four towers in the centre, stand-pipes, with hose attached, have been erected, so that water can be carried without delay to the roof of the building. In addition to these, forty hand-extinguishers are scattered among the different sections. The other buildings will be equally well protected, and the many fire engines on exhibition in Machinery Hall can be brought into requisition at a moment's notice. There is absolutely no danger to be apprehended from fire in the Centennial Buildings, and if equal precautions are taken against fire in the wooden structures on the outside of the enclosure the summer will pass without accident from this source.

A SHORT tour through the Main Building, starting from the western end, gives a fair idea of the positions which have been assigned to the exhibiting nations. The character of the structures being put up rapidly by the workmen of the different nationalities has already been described in the columns of the POST.

Within the line of railing which will extend across the entrance, to the north of the nave, are the pavilions of Italy; passing east, the arrangement will be—Norway, then Sweden, with the English Colonies as a neighbor. Canada, with her snow shoes and mixed character, will occupy the next space, while Great Britain will show what she can do, down to the line of the centre transept, and alongside the passage-way which will lead direct to the Memorial Hall or Art Gallery.

On the eastern side of the centre transept the great republic of Europe, France, will show what has been accomplished even in the face of revolutions, empires, and the vandalism of the commune.

The next in the line, still on the north of the nave, is that little gallant republic which gave birth to William Tell, and has a world-wide reputation as the exhibitor and manufacturer of Swiss watches—Switzerland; the display here will be unique as well as interesting. On the side of Switzerland, calmly reposes Brazil, then the Netherlands, and, singularly enough, Mexico with sombreros and silver mines, is in the company. There is an admixture of grim humor, it will strike the observer who thinks of the queer positions all these nations have at different periods in the world's history occupied to each other. There is, however, no hope of belligerent rights being granted during this Centennial year, and the lion of Great Britain and the eagle of France will shake hands across the narrow avenue and be the better for it.

Near the eastern end, and covering as much room as France, Switzerland, Belgium, Brazil, the Netherlands, and Mexico combined, in stately dignity reposes the United States; the exhibiting space extends to the centre transept.

Opposite to Great Britain will be the German Empire exhibit, along side Austria, and in the rear of the land of Maria Theresa, Hungary, the space being near the south wall.

Coming still towards the west but on the south side of the nave is Russia, then the land of Ferdinand, Isabella, Castelar, and Alphonso.

Along the nave follow Egypt, Turkey, Denmark, and Sweden, while in the rear of them are Tunis, Portugal, and the isles which suggest a gastronomic material known as Sandwich.

Japan is in the front rank, facing Norway and Sweden. Next to Sweden, and back of her, that sister nation of the Orient, China.

Chili has a small pagoda-like structure near the entrance from the west, and alongside, on the avenue running north and south, is the Argentine Republic, while in the southwest corner are Peru and the Free State of Orange.

be surprised if this Mr. Smith is the escaped man, Philip Salter. I think he may be."

"This man Smith, Philip Salter!" exclaimed Karl. "But what grounds have you for thinking it?"

"Mr. Smith came over in the evening, when it was growing dusk. Adam saw him in the upstairs room. They stood at the window, perhaps for the sake of the light, and seemed to be looking over some memorandum paper. I was walking about on side, and saw them. All at once something fell down from the window. I ran to pick it up, and found it was a pocketbook, lying open. Mr. Smith shouted out, 'Don't touch it, Mrs. Grey; don't trouble yourself," and came rushing down the stairs. But I had picked it up, Karl, and I saw written inside it the name, Philip Salter. Without the least intention or thought of prying, I saw it, 'Philip Salter.' Mr. Smith was up the next moment, and I gave him the pocketbook closed."

"His Christian name is certainly Philip," observed Karl after a pause of thought. "I have seen his signature to receipts for rent—'Philip Smith.' This is a strange thing, Rose."

"Yes—if it be true. While he is planted here, spying upon Adam, he may be hiding from justice himself, a criminal."

Karl was in deep thought. "Was the name in the pocket-book on the fly-leaf, Rose—as though it were the owner's name?"

"I think so, but I cannot be sure. It was at the top of a leaf certainly. If we could but find it out—find that it is so, it might prove to be a way of release from him," she added. "Oh, and think of the blessing of feeling free! I am sure that, but for him, Adam would contrive to escape to a safer land."

There was no time to say more. The night was drawing on, and Karl had to go in to his impatient brother. Impatient! What should we have been in his place? Poor Adam Wynne! in his banned, hidden, solitary days, what had he to look forward to but these occasional visits from Karl?

"I will think it over, Rose, and try and find something out," said Karl as they went in. "Have you informed Adam?"

"No. He is so hot and impulsive, you know. I thought it best to speak to you first."

"Quite right. Say nothing to him, at present."

In quitting the Maze that evening, Adam, in spite of all Karl could say or do, would walk with him to the gate; only laughing when Karl called it dangerous recklessness. There were moments when the same doubt crossed Karl's mind that had been once suggested to him by Mr. Plunkett—Was Adam always and altogether sane? This was one. He absolutely stood at the gate, talking and laughing in an undertone, as Karl went through it.

"Rubbish, Karlo, old fellow," said he to the last remonstrance. "It's a dark night, and not a soul within miles of us. Besides, who knows me here?'

Karl had locked the gate and was putting the key in his pocket, when a sound smote his ear and he turned it to listen. The tramp, tramp, as of policemen walking with measured steps was heard, coming from the direction of the railway station, and with it the scuffle and hum of a besetting crowd. It brought into his mind with a rush and a whirl that fatal night some twelve months before, when he had heard the tramp of policemen on the other side of the hedge—and their prisoner, though he knew it not, was his brother, Adam Wynne.

"Adam, do you hear?" he cried hoarsely, "for the love of heaven, hide yourself." And Sir Adam disappeared in the maze.

What with the past recollection, what with his brother's presence, what with the approach of these police—as he took them to be—what with the apprehension ever over-lying his heart, Karl was seized with a panic of terror. Were they coming in search of Adam? He thought so; and all the agony that he often went over in his dreams, he suffered now in waking reality. The hubbub of exposure; the public disgrace; the renewed hard life for him at Portland Island; even perhaps—Karl's imagination was vivid just then—the scaffold at last in the distance! These visions surging through his brain, Karl flew to the other side of the road—lest his being on the side of the Maze might bring suspicion on it—and then walked quietly to his own entrance gates. There he stood, and turned to look, his head beating, his pulses leaping.

With a relief that no tongue could express, Karl saw that they had passed the Maze and were coming on. Presently, in the night's imperfect light, he distinguished a kind of covered stretcher, or hand-barrow, borne by a policeman and other men, a small mob following.

"Is anything amiss?" he asked, taking a few steps into the road, and speaking in the quietest tones he could just then command.

"It's poor Whittle, Sir Karl," replied the policeman, who knew him. There were a few scattered cottages skirting the wood beyond the Court, and Karl recognized the name as that of a man who lived in one of them and worked at the railway station.

"Is he ill?" asked Karl.

"He is dead, Sir Karl. He was missed from his work in the middle of the afternoon and not found till an hour ago, there he was, stretched out in the field, dead. We got Mr. Moore round, and he thinks it must have been a sunstroke."

"What a sad thing!" cried Karl in his pitying accent. "Does his wife know?"

"We've sent on to prepare her, poor woman! There's five or six little children, Sir Karl, more's the pity!"

"Ay, I know there are some. Tell her I will come in and see her in the morning."

A murmur of approbation at the last words arose from the bystanders. It seemed to them an earnest that the new baronet, Sir Karl, would turn out to be a kind and considerate man; as good for them perhaps as Sir Joseph had been.

He listened to the tramp, tramp, until it had died away, and then turned in home with all his trouble and care; determined to search the newspapers—filed by Sir Joseph—before he went to rest, for some particulars of this Philip Salter.

"Oh, that Adam were but safe in some less dangerous land!" was the refrain, ever eating itself into his brain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELLE AND I AND THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ETHEL ALLEN.

"Fan, let's go to the mountains!"

I laughed and went on with my work, thinking no answer necessary to such an absurd proposition. Why, we did not own five dollars between us, and there was no use asking father for money. It took all he could earn to support us respectably, and even then much contriving was needful to make both ends meet. We go to the mountains!

But Belle persisted:

"You needn't laugh so provokingly. I had an idea just now, and if you could be patient a minute, I——"

"Go on, my dear. All ideas thankfully received."

"Now listen, Fan;" and Belle read as follows from the morning paper she held:

"The Prospect House, Delaware Water Gap, is now open for the reception of guests. Terms, $10 per week. J. H. Haskill, Proprietor."

"Well, what of it?" I said, when she finished.

"Just think, Fan, for fifty dollars we could spend two weeks at the Gap! See here, I have reckoned it up. Excursion tickets are five dollars, that's ten dollars, and two weeks' board, twenty dollars apiece, forty, and ten's fifty. Sue Aldon spends more than that for every new dress, I venture to say."

"I don't doubt it, Belle; but then Sue has it to spend, and we haven't," I said, as I took up a fresh pair of stockings to mend. Darning stockings is such delightful employment!

"Can't we earn the money some way?" broke forth Belle, impetuously. "To think of staying in this hot dusty city all summer! I do so long for a glimpse of the mountains and a breath of fresh air."

"I am sure I wish we could go, Belle; but I don't see how it can be managed."

"No, I suppose there is no use thinking of it," she said, in a disappointed tone, taking up the paper again.

Suddenly she looked up with her face all aglow.

"Fan! why couldn't we write letters for the papers from the Gap, and earn the money that way? You know I wrote letters for the *News* when I was away last summer, and Uncle John said they were excellent. I know you can write as well as I can."

"Why, Belle, we might write good enough letters to publish, but who would be willing to pay us for them? What we want is money, not fame."

"But, Fan, we will charge moderately. Five letters, at five dollars each, would be twenty-five dollars; just what we want apiece. You could write five letters in two weeks, couldn't you?"

"Perhaps I might; but you don't expect to be paid in advance, do you?"

"Of course not. We must make arrangements with certain papers to take our letters, then borrow the money and start."

"Who do you intend borrowing of?"

"I don't know, I am sure;" and Belle looked blank for a minute.

"I will tell you what I am going to do," she said, brightening. "I am going down to see Uncle John, and ask him to help us;" and Belle vanished upstairs to prepare for her walk.

"Don't say a word to mother until I come back," was her parting injunction.

An hour later she came flying into the room in a perfect fever of excitement.

"Fan, he is just the dearest uncle in the world!" she exclaimed, sinking into the nearest chair. "What do you think he said? He is going to get us passes there and back, save ten dollars you know, and he will take two letters for the *News*, and pay us ten dollars apiece in advance. Then we will only have twenty more to earn. Isn't it too delightful for anything!"

I began to grow excited myself.

"I am sure we can earn twenty dollars some way," I said, confidently.

"Of course," answered Belle. "We must write immediately to all the editors we can think of, and ask if they will take letters."

"Perhaps we had better wait until father comes home," I suggested; and Belle, though reluctant, agreed.

Father was late home that night. We watched and waited impatiently. Would he never come? Yes, there was the click of his latch-key as he opened the door.

"Now don't say a word until he has had his tea," whispered Belle, warningly.

Father was always in good spirits after his third or fourth cup of tea.

"Well, girls, what's the news?" he said pleasantly, when at last he came upstairs.

I looked at Belle significantly.

"You tell."

So Belle "told."

"If you want me to lend you the twenty dollars, all right," he said, when she finished. "I wish I could give you the money; but it will not hurt you to earn it."

"The dear father!" Belle and I both exclaimed as we kissed him.

Then we sat down and wrote innumerable notes of inquiry to the editors of various papers.

"If there is anything I like in a girl, it's energy," father said as he watched us, admiringly. "And, if I do say it, my girls are real energetic."

"Got it from you, father," said Belle saucily.

"I don't know but you did," said father, laughing.

"Girls, what do you intend to wear at the mountains?" questioned mother, who just then entered the room.

"Why, of course, we have not much to wear," I replied, "but we must make the little we have go as far as possible. There's one comfort, no one will know us, and we shall know nobody."

"We don't go to show off our new clothes," put in Belle. "We go for the sake of the mountains alone."

Father smiles his approval.

"Take care of yourselves, girls," said mother, as she kissed us good-bye a week later.

We had received satisfactory answers to four of our letters; father had written to the Gap, and engaged our rooms, and here we were really starting for the mountains, or, as Belle expressed it, the "everlasting hills."

"Sure you have everything, Fan? All right! Good-bye, father!"

The conductor waves his hand, the engineer whistles his good-bye, and amid a general fluttering of handkerchiefs, the train glides slowly from the station We girls know that after we have threaded a mile or two of streets, we shall emerge into green fields, and run by many a sleepy pasture, and fragrant wood; and then, when we have traversed a few leagues of breezy upland, we shall cross a noble river, along whose banks our route will thenceforward lie.

How lovely it all seemed, that loveliest of summer afternoons, as we sat by the open window and gazed upon the fleeting landscape. Upon Belle's face rested an expression of perfect joy, quickened into rapture by each fresh surprise of field or flood.

"Belle," said I, by way of breaking in upon her reverie, "we are really going."

Belle laughed—such a pleased little laugh as it was.

"But it makes me nervous to think of those letters," I added.

"Don't think of them, then! We have only to write three apiece, and we shall enjoy our holiday all the more for earning it."

"Yes, there is something in that," I replied.

We were silent for some time after this, each watching eagerly for the first glimpse of the mountains.

"There they are!" exclaimed Belle, in an ecstacy of delight.

And there, as we rounded a curve in the river, they were, distant, indistinct, yet majestic, limned by the faintest line of blue against the northern sky, still untouched by the first flush of sunset. As we neared them, the sun sank, a great shadow fell across the valley, and a breeze came down from the hills laden with aroma of the forest. And through the tender twilight we lifted up our eyes and saw a great glow in the north, and the splendor of the sunset slowly creeping down the western sky.

Still towered the mountain wall, but the violet had deepened into blue, and each jutting peak, climbing heavenward, seemed to have penetrated the golden mysteries and caught its flashing glory.

Below, the night, sombre and silent and chill; above, the day, sitting on the hill-tops and crowned with eternal light. And then a sudden whistle sounded through the valley, a swift darkness passed along the windows, and the train shot into a tunnel. And when we emerged again the stars were looking down upon us, and the mountains were shrouded in the evening mists. The guard came in swinging his lantern, and warned us that our destination was close at hand.

It was after night, and quite dark, when we finally reached the Gap. The night air was so cool that we were obliged to wrap up in our water-proofs, as we rode to the "Prospect Home."

"How nice it is to feel chilly once more!" exclaimed Belle.

The last thing I remembered before falling asleep that night was the vision of Belle at the window, taking a parting look at the mountains; and when I opened my eyes in the morning, there she was, still in the same position.

"Belle, you haven't been there all night?"

"No, my dear; but do come and look!"

It was a sight well worth looking at—that summer sunrise on the Gap. Far to the east the purple hills were rimmed with yellow, and the horizon bristled with the red spears of the rushing dawn. Everywhere else the shadows lay heavy upon the mountains, and through the morning mist rose the murmurs of the river, sleeping softly far below. The crowing of a chanticleer in a neighboring farmyard, and the lowing of cattle on the dewy upland, were the only sounds that broke the utter stillness of the hour. The village lay still under the good Goddess of slumber, and the whole air seemed sweetened with the flight of dreams. But as we looked, intent upon the east, a flash of light shot up, and, resting for a moment upon the furthermost peak, passed along from summit to summit, until the whole range was transfigured with a sudden glory. And then, while the sky grew a deep crimson, and the night rolled back with hurrying feet to the distant west, the great round disc rode up from the nether world, and glared over the frowning hill-tops. And as the ruddy warrior strode up the plain, all the colors changed to gold, and we knew that it was indeed morn. There lay the village wreathed in yellow mists; there the river, every eddy sparkling and quivering in the long beam of light; and there, the mountains, clothed in a fresh majesty.

"Oh, Fan! I would write a dozen letters rather than miss such a sunrise," said Belle, rising reluctantly, and beginning to brush out her long thick hair.

"I hope they don't dress much here, Fan"

"What if they do? I know you will be the prettiest girl in the house, and a pretty girl can afford to dispense with elegant clothes."

"Flatterer!" laughed Belle.

Such a tramp as we had that day! Belle bought a guide book, and then insisted upon starting immediately for all points of interest within walking distance.

"We must go the rounds as soon as possible, so that we can begin to write," she declared.

"Well, I should not like to 'do' Europe with you," I gasped, when we again reached our room, more dead than alive.

"Don't speak to me, Fan. I have just thought how to begin my letter," and seizing a pencil Belle began to write rapidly.

I took up the POST and read until dinner.

I never knew before how hard it was to get up a newspaper letter. The opening sentences were easily written, but then I came to a stand still. What should I say next? I fixed my gaze on the mountains, hoping for inspiration. I could hear Belle's pencil scratching over the paper at a most enviable rate. It was the warmest part of the day. If I only could lie down and sleep! But no, I must work for my board.

"Belle, lend me a thought or two."

"Sorry, my dear, but I've not one to spare."

I turned again to the mountains. There! I had an idea at last, and down it went upon paper.

"We must rise early to-morrow, so as to copy our letters in time for the mail," said Belle, as she laid her writing away.

"Belle, put on your blue muslin."

"Just what I intend to do—that is, if you will lend me your black velvet sash."

"Agreed! If you will let me wear the blue necktie!"

We owned our neckties together, as we could not afford each to have one of the same color.

"Let's go down and meet the train," I said, as we stood on the piazza after tea.

Belle assented, and we slowly walked down the road. The train was due as we reached the depot. Another minute, and the cars came in view. A fine-looking young gentleman, a middle-aged lady, and a tall, showy girl were among the passengers. I caught sight of the group.

"Belle! Belle! There are the Aldons. What shall we do? Don't let them see us. Come, I—"

"You need not be frightened," said Belle, coolly. "I have no idea of running away from them."

"But we don't want to meet them," I urged.

"Why not?" demanded Belle.

"Oh, they are so fashionable and care so much for dress, and you know we haven't a thing nice to wear. Besides, Sue's brother is with them, and he is dreadfully aristocratic."

"He is not at all aristocratic!" began Belle, indignantly.

"Well, there is no use quarreling, Belle. They are not going to the Prospect House, and we might stay here a month and not meet them."

"I am sure I hope we shall meet them. Tom Aldon is very pleasant, indeed."

"Perhaps you knew he was coming," I remarked, sarcastically.

"Of course I did," answered Belle, coolly.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that Sue said they expected to be here this week, and I did not tell you, for fear you would not be willing to come."

"May I ask if you had any especial design in meeting the Aldons?"

"Well, yes," said Belle, slowly, "I thought Tom might take a fancy to you."

I was silent. Belle always did get the best of it when we quarreled.

The next morning, when I went down to the piazza, I was surprised to find Mr. Aldon and Belle chatting together as pleasantly as possible. I was about to retreat, but Belle said, serenely, "Mr. Aldon, my sister," and I was obliged to go forward.

He *was* rather nice, I said to myself, after a two hour's visit, and not one bit aristocratic, either. He did not seem to care whether we were fashionably dressed or not. I almost began to like him.

"What do you think of him?" asked Belle, when, at last he had gone.

"He is very nice for a rich man's son," I replied, condescendingly.

"Then you do not object to going rowing with him this evening?" continued Belle, teasingly.

"As he has invited us, we might as well go," I replied, indifferently.

We were a merry party after this, Sue, Belle, and I, with Tom as our escort and guide. We made the ascent of the "Summit;" we drove over to Slateford, Mount Bethel, and Williamsburg; we visited all the baths, grottos, and falls with which that region abounds, and in the cool of the morning and moonlight evenings, we would row on the beautiful Delaware.

But still we found time for our letters. We rose early, and wrote an hour or so before breakfast, and again after dinner, while Sue was taking her siesta. How soon the two weeks were over.

"We leave to-morrow," Belle said, as we all stood together upon the piazza.

Tom looked at his watch.

"Just time for one more row before dark. What do you say, girls?"

He glanced at Belle when he spoke. Why did I feel jealous? Of course he looked at Belle—Belle, who captivated everyone with her beautiful face. Could he be with Belle two whole weeks and *not* learn to love her?

It was late when we landed. The stars were just peeping out. We started up the hill together, but the path soon growing narrow, Sue and Belle fell behind. Tom offered his arm, and I took it silently.

I had enjoyed my brief visit so much; the early morning walk, the later ramble through woods in quest of ferns and mosses, the cool afternoons, suggestive of shady nooks and girlish confidences, the beautiful eventide on the river, and the romance of the early moonlight on the broad piazza. I thought of all this, and could not face the future, with its certainties of city drudgery and commonplace routine of household duties. I longed to dream my dream out. Why should I be doomed to become a tiresome old maid, when other girls married and were happy.

"So you leave to-morrow?" said Tom, slowly.

I thought his voice sounded strangely.

"Yes."

How quiet it had grown all at once. The girls were still far below us.

"Fan," faltered Tom. "Dear Fan—"

But no! I have told all I am going to tell. Let it rest forever between thee and me, Tom. Between thee and me.

"He is very nice for a rich man's son. Isn't he, Fan?"

Provoking Belle!

OLD PHILADELPHIA CHURCHES.

The first Methodist congregation, by-the-way, in Philadelphia consisted of three men and their wives and a certain John Hood, who met in a sail-loft in Dock street. The Wesleys sent over Pilmore, who preached from the State House steps, carrying his library and wardrobe in his saddle-bags, and aided by Captain Webb, a one-eyed British barrack-master, whose stentorian tones sounded through the streets like a trumpet calling to battle. St. George's Church was the first owned by this sect, in Fourth street, a dreary place, Watson states, with no floor and a leaky stove-pipe. The British, during Howe's occupancy, took it as a cavalry school. John Hood's "wonderful sweet voice in singing" is so often noted in these old records that we seem to catch an echo of its soft music even now.

The first synagogue in the city, built in 1747, was in a small house in Stirling alley, between Cherry and Race streets. The congregation were descendants of those Jews banished by Isabella and Ferdinand from Spain.

The first Presbyterian church was founded in 1698. The "New Lights," disciples of Whitefield, built a house at Third and Arch streets. Their pastor during the Revolution was the famous Gilbert Tennent, thought by the common people to be a saint of God. The story went that, being overtaken by a thunder-storm, he went into an inn, when the lightning came down the chimney, melting his silver knee-buckles, but leaving him unharmed.

The first Baptist church originated in a joke. A wild young fellow named Keach arrived from London in 1686, and passed himself for a minister. He was invited to preach, and the house was filled to hear the English divine. When in the midst of his sermon he was suddenly wrenched with remorse, and with tears confessed his trick. He went at once to a Baptist minister at Rhode Island, was baptized, ordained, and returned to Philadelphia to preach in all sincerity.

The first Roman Catholic chapel was built in 1729, when Miss M'Ganley, an Irish lady, brought over a colony as tenants, and settled on the road leading from Frankfort to Newtown.

All these churches had increased and were in a flourishing condition at the time of the Revolution. It was an easy matter then, too, to distinguish the members of each by their dress, just as the costumes of laboring-men and their wealthier neighbors marked the difference of caste so strongly as to delight the eye of an artist, however offensive it may have been to a reformer.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

About 280 years B. C., Hero, of Alexandra, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 540, an architect arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldron, and the house was shaken with the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Brasco de Garay tried a steamboat of 200 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garay.

In 1650, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Invention," A. D. 1663.

In 1701, Newerman made the first steam engine in England.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savary for the first application of the steam engine.

In 1764 James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1706 Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778 Thomas Payne first proposed the application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffrey constructed a steamboat on the Saone.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1789 John Fitch, of Connecticut, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1794 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1783 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, from Charleston to Liverpool.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

A woman ought not to marry for money, but she shouldn't marry a man who cannot make money.—*Mrs. Boise.*

You might as well try to tell the amount of money in a safe by feeling the knobs, as to tell what is in a man's head by feeling his bumps.—*Holmes.*

Over our hearts and into our lives
  Shadows will sometimes fall,
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead,
  And God is over us all.—*Anon.*

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—*Shelley.*

When Southey was offered a half share in two newspapers—the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*—by which he could probably have secured £2,000 a year, he replied, "I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds—in short, beyond three hundred and fifty pounds a year, I consider money a real evil."

The fit word must be fitly spoken.—*Anon.*

A proper description of the habit of chewing tobacco would exhaust the filthy adjectives of the language, and spoil the adjectives themselves for further use.—*J. G. Holland.*

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The King being informed of this, sent for the Archbishop and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. This question, coming by surprise, the Archbishop replied, "about eight." "Well," answered the King, "I find there is no overcoming your scruples, therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that is four feet below your consecrated ground—and let him be buried there."

One sometimes needs to go around with a conversational oil-pot, and grease the individual cogs and cranks.—*Bayard Taylor.*

From the St. Louis Globe.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN.

There is probably no man to whom the community owes so much as to the honest, fair-spoken physician, who does his actual duty both to himself and his patients. Really skillful physicians are not so numerous that their virtues need no mention, and hence the advertisement of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, may well claim the reader's attention. Dr. Pierce is a type of a class of men who obtain success by careful and well-directed effort, not attempting too much, or creating false pleas as to ability. The only reliable physician in these days of complicated disorders and high pressure living, is the "Specialist," the man who understands his one branch of the business. Such in his line is Dr. Pierce. For the benefit of his readers he has written a "Common Sense Medical Adviser," which is well worth reading by those who need such a work. With strict business honor, high professional skill, reasonable fees, and a large corps of competent assistants, Dr. Pierce will doubtless make his name familiar as "household words."

TO THE child, in his native innocence, parents have often become his serpents on the tree.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.

—Penny banks have been established in London in connection with the public schools, and within a few months 5,266 children have deposited $5,021.

—The hair of the fashionable maiden's head is now worn "cocked up" on the right side, to correspond with the "shoot" of the bonnet. These are modistes' expressions.

—The new bonnets are put on sideways, and the girl of the period will have the appearance of a canary bird just as it is about to sing, or a parrot just as it is about to talk.

—Manchester, England, is to have a new art gallery, at a cost of $500,000, the whole amount of which has been given by a citizen who prefers to have his name remain unknown.

—The length of railroads in operation in the United States, January 1, 1876, was 76,766 miles, or, including double tracks, etc., 91,617 miles. The total cost has been $1,941,888,197, or $31,369 a mile.

—Good Friday would have been bad Friday for one boy in Montreal if he could have been discovered. He put ink in the holy water receptacle of the Cathedral, with a result more picturesque than pleasing.

—In a Kansas divorce suit the suggestion was made that a man's nose be offered in evidence, to prove that the bearer of the nose was a drunkard. The eye of the man who made the suggestion could not now be offered in evidence for anything.

—Andrew Jackson, according to the Abbeville (S. C.) *Medium*, derived the sobriquet of "Old Hickory" from his use of walking sticks of that wood, cut by Dr. Ed S. Davis from the vicinity of the old Block House in Abbeville, and presented to him.

—No other generation than this could possibly have produced a young woman capable of prosecuting a dead man for breach of promise. Miss Mary Davison's lover committed suicide, and she sued his estate for damages resulting from breach of promise, and she won her suit.

—The number of emigrants who sailed from ports in the United Kingdom last year was 173,809, a decrease of 67,205 as compared with 1874. Of that number 105,046 came to the United States. Of these 43,867 were English, 5,893 Scotch, 31,433 Irish, 23,028 foreigners, and 825 "not distinguished." Canada took 17,378 and Australia 35,525.

—Trinity Parish, New York, is the richest in this country. In 1873 it received income from property valued at $8,000,000. It contains seven churches and sixteen clergymen, and contributes yearly to eighteen other churches. There are 3,000 pupils in the Sunday schools, 2,000 in the industrial schools, and 1,000 in the day schools.

—It is just as well to know the facts and figures about ourselves. A French statistician says that an ordinary man, fifty years old, has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, played 4,000 days, eaten 1,500, and been sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 of meat, 4,600 of vegetables, eggs, and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid.

—The silver coins of the United States are now a trade dollar, a half dollar or fifty-cent piece, a quarter dollar or twenty-five-cent piece, and a dime, or ten-cent piece, weighing respectively 420 grains troy, 12½ grains, 6¼ grains, and 2½ grains. A bill now before the Senate adds to these a double dime, or twenty-cent piece, weighing 5 grains, and a dollar weighing 25 grains. Silver coins are now a legal tender for any amount not exceeding five dollars. The bill referred to makes the silver dollar legal tender to the amount of twenty dollars, the half dollar to the amount of ten dollars, and the quarter dollar, double dime and dime to the amount of five dollars.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

PAINT.—To get rid of the smell of oil paint, plunge a handful of hay into a pail of water, and let it stand in the room newly painted.

To thicken the hair and prevent it from turning gray, pour boiling water on a quantity of sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven, or near a stove; strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade be needed, an equal mixture of cocoanut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.

TO PREVENT GRAY HAIR.—To check premature grayness, the head should be well brushed morning and night, with a brush hard enough to irritate the skin somewhat. The bristles should be far enough apart to brush through the hair, as it were, rather than over it. Oil, rather than pomade, should be used. Common sweet oil, scented with bergamot, can be recommended.

TO SILVER IVORY.—Immerse a small slip of ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain till the solution has given it a deep color; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clear water, and expose it in the water to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the ivory acquires a black color, but the black surface, on being rubbed, soon becomes changed to a brilliant silver.

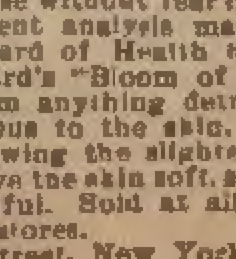
TO CLEAN SILK.—Take a quarter of a pound of soft soap, a teaspoonful of brandy, and a pint of gin; mix all well together, and strain through a cloth. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side: it will look as good as new, and the process will not injure silks of even the most delicate colors.

GROUND GLASS.—The frosted appearance of ground glass may be very nearly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a piece of glazier's putty, stuck on the ends of the fingers. When applied with a light and even touch, the resemblance is considerable. Another method is to dab the glass over with thin white paint, or flour paste, by means of a brush, but this is inferior to the former. Used for windows.

GOLD SHELL.—Grind, on a slab, leaf-gold with stiff gum-water, or honey, very fine, adding as you proceed more of the gum-water, or honey, as you think necessary. When the gold is reduced to an impalpable powder, wash it in a large mussel shell, with rain or distilled water, then temper it with a little chloride of mercury; fix it in the shell with a solution of gum-arabic, in which has been dissolved a small bit of lump sugar. Spread the gold evenly over the surface of the shell and dry it. When used, it is with plain water only.

THE GUMS.—The daily precaution (the use of the tooth-brush) for the preservation of the teeth, and the cleanliness of the mouth, will generally ensure a healthy condition of the gums; though they are sometimes affected from constitutional causes, which produce tenderness and liability to bleed upon pressure; cold, also, has a similar effect occasionally. Tincture of myrrh, diluted with a little water, is, in such cases, an excellent purifying and strengthening application. A few drops of tincture of catechu in water forms an astringent and stimulating lotion.

BURNISHED GILDING.—This is principally applied to the frames of pictures and mirrors, and to similar objects. It is performed by giving the wood, first, a coating of good size, and next, several successive coats of size thickened with finely powdered whiting, Spanish white, or plaster of Paris, until a good face is produced; observing to let each coat become quite dry, and to rub it perfectly smooth with fine glass-paper, before the application of the following one. When the proper face is obtained, the surface is thinly and evenly gone over with gold size, and when this is nearly dry, the gold leaf is applied and afterwards burnished.



Perpetual Beauty.

Every lady has been wanting for years a toilet preparation in which she could place confidence, and use without fear of injuring health. The recent analysis made by the Metropolitan Board of Health has proven that Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is entirely free from anything detrimental to health or injurious to the skin. It can be used without showing the slightest trace of its use. Will leave the skin soft, smooth, and delicately beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price
cents.

OUR
BOYS
&
GIRLS

THE TRUE STORY OF A
SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

STRAIN THE EIGHTH.

THE MAID WAS IN THE GARDEN, HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES,
BY CAME A BLACKBIRD AND SNAPPED OFF HER NOSE.

Early in the morning, Chickabiddy awoke, very cross and irritable. Having eaten the first thing she could lay her hands upon, she went over the house and set all the enchanted servants to work to tidy the apartments.

"I mean to have a grand feast and invite all my witch relations," she said, "and they must find everything in apple-pie order."

She then went to the Queen's wardrobe and selected some of her most beautiful dresses.

"These will do nicely," she said, "but they are sadly in want of an airing. I'll hang them out in the garden."

So she hurried away to hang the clothes in the kitchen-garden. Tying a line over a bed of radishes, she had begun to pin the dresses on it, when she heard a sound as of the canter of horses.

"What's this?" said she, listening. "It can't be my wise relations coming to see me before they're invited. Besides, they would come on broomsticks, not on horses; at midnight, and not at eight in the morning."

But now the sound suddenly ceased. After listening awhile, she turned to resume her work, when, perched upon the line, right before her, she beheld a blackbird.

"Why, I declare, if it ain't one of those wretched little Crotchets come back!" cried Chickabiddy, in a fury. Fumbling about her neck for the Crooked Sixpence, on which she relied for her future power, she cried out, "By the might of the Sixpence all crooked, I bid you—I bid you—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little blackbird,

"By the might of the Sixpence—and it never grows less—
Chickabiddy, my deary, I bid you be noseless."

With a sudden whirr, the blackbird darted at Chickabiddy, and with the side of its little bill, made sharp as a razor for the occasion, it sliced the unfortunate little witch's nose off. Down it fell among the radishes. With a cry of anguish, and half wild with pain, Chickabiddy applied one of her hands to her face, and with the other snatched up her nose, as she thought, from among the radishes, and held it tight to the wounded place. But, ah, me! it was no nose, but a radish she had stuck between her eyes. Old Glamour of Grumbleton's dream, and the warning she had read in the magic book were now explained. With a wail of despair, she let herself fall upon the ground, and then wringing her hands and rolling her head in the dust, she wept bitterly.

By this time the garden was filled with spectators of her disgrace. The beautiful lady by the side of the King and Queen, whom she had restored to human shape while the blackbird was busy with Chickabiddy, was holding Semiquaver by the hand, who, in his turn, was surrounded by his three-and-twenty brothers—the last blackbird assuming its natural form as soon as Chickabiddy's nose had assumed its unnatural one. Behind them, laughing and talking with the greatest glee, stood Miss Bristles, a broom no longer; Timothy Potpan, begrimed with ground coffee, but looking all the more comical on that account; Roly Poly, round and plump as need be, but not at all wooden, as to her waist, which Rigid, rather reduced by the life he had lately held, was squeezing in a by no means stuck-up manner, while Dame Hushabybaby, who had been Semiquaver's nurse before she became his pillow, was shedding tears of joy at the sight of her little foster son brought home in such glory.

"Cheer up, Chickabiddy," said Timothy Potpan, going up to that unfortunate, "and let me set you a conundrum. When is a nose not a nose? Give it up? Why, when it's a little *reddish*."

And Timothy was about to cut a caper of exultation, when he saw Semiquaver frowning and shaking his head at him. He immediately subsided, and retired into the background.

Chickabiddy hung down her head and still wept bitterly. Then she slowly rose and glided away, first casting a look at Semiquaver, whom she fully expected to see in transports of delight. But no; the glance which Semiquaver returned was sorrowful and full of pity. At this, Chickabiddy wept more than ever.

STRAIN THE NINTH.

HOW THE LITTLE CROTCHETS CHANGED THEIR NOTES FOR GOLD.

Tom Fiddler, King of Fiddler's Ground and Emperor of Gold Pieces, sat upon a golden throne—I mean a heap of money bags. He had been holding a cabinet council with his ministers, as to the best means of getting rid of the superfluous cash in the royal treasury.

This had sorely puzzled the conclave, till somebody had hit upon the brilliant idea of appointing to the entire control of that department, the great Twid Hals Weeni, of Tama Ni, whose skill in making gold vanish had lately struck the world with wonder.

It may be asked why King Tom was so anxious to get rid of a commodity all the world is so anxious to amass? The reason was simple enough. Tom Tiddler's Ground was a refuge for all the mis-spent money of the whole world, besides; but this money no more profited the Tiddler Groundlings when it reached them, than it had its former possessors. On the contrary, ill luck invariably followed those who meddled with it. Indeed, it was only by the aid of a little magic hook-and-crook called industry, that certain worthy emigrants from the outer world managed to clear off a little of this trash, which process they called "picking up gold and silver on Tom Tiddler's Ground."

But the magic little hook-and-crook in question had been very rarely seen at work of late, so that a fearful accumulation of glittering dross had been the consequence; for which reason, King Tom had summoned the cabinet council aforesaid. And very glad King Tom was when the council had come to a decision, and he was joyfully about to dismiss them, when, to his horror, Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, the doorkeeper, in a stentorian voice announced "A deputation of three-and-twenty Money Bags from Crotchet Land!" at the same time ushering in the said deputation.

"Now, what in the name of ill-luck do *you* want?" cried King Tom, in a rage, to the pilgrim Money Bags.

"Protection, may it please your brightness," answered Bag number one, the spokesman.

"Protection from whom?"

"From King Crotchet, who for years has kept us in unlawful bondage."

"Hang King Crotchet!" exclaimed King Thomas.

"With all our hearts. All we ask, in the meantime, is to be scattered abroad and knocked about, and have a little of the rust taken out of us."

"I can't do that in your case," said King Tom. "I know your history. By right, you belong to the little Crotchets, who will make a worthy use of you by-and-bye. But I am willing to distribute you among the worthiest of my subjects, until your proper owners come to claim you. Here, my ministers, take each of you a Bag, and bestow its contents, to the best of your judgment, on the worthiest."

The ministers bowed, took up the Money Bags, went out, and conscientiously distributed them to all their friends and relatives.

"Thank goodness, *that* job is over," cried King Tom. "Now, Gold-Stick, my friend, what amusement is there afloat in our good City of Tiddledum, that it may befit a king to indulge in."

"Please your brightness," replied Gold-Stick, emerging from an open window, out of which he had been stretching his long body to the utmost extent compatible w keeping his balance, "there is a little fellow below on a white donkey, parading the streets and blowing his little trumpet, who says his name is Double Sharp, and that he comes to announce a grand concert to be given by the Hyperborean Minstrels, or Nightingales of the North, in our great city square this evening."

"That will do," cried King Tom, bouncing from his money bags like a rubber ball. "We'll go there, and all our court, and we'll patronize merit, or my name's not Thomas."

The momentous evening arrived in due course, and a vast multitude assembled to give the wandering minstrels a hearing.

The very first song was rapturously received; that is to say, pieces of money flew at the performer from all sides, and what was strange, it was not by the mere good-will of the owners that the singer was so rewarded. No; the pieces of gold—for gold they were—rolled, and skipped, and flew from purse, and pocket, and fob quite independently of their owners' wills. The Fairy Worth, who had accompanied the minstrels on their journey, with a peculiar smile, threw a canvas bag to Semibreve, the eldest little Crotchet, whose success had reaped this harvest. Semibreve picked it up. It was marked No. 1, and had been torn from top to bottom, but it was now mended. In went the goldpieces and off went Semibreve. Then came Syncope, the next Crotchet in order, with a solo on the violin. The solo was quite as successful as the song, and bag No. 2, which Fairy Worth threw to Syncope, was filled to the brim, for out rolled, and skipped, and flew the pieces of gold from purse, and pocket, and fob, just as obstinately as before. In short, when Doublesharp, the last little Crotchet but one had finished his song—a comic one, of course—bag No. 23 and last was filled, the Crotchets were enriched and the audience was beggared—for that night, at all events. But Semiquaver had not yet sung *his* song. He did so now, and though the audience had no money to give him, they gave him cheers and tears in abundance, to say nothing of the fact that nine hundred and ninety-nine little damsels in pink and blue muslin, fell desperately in love with him, and nine hundred and ninety-nine young gentlemen in white pants and straw hats defied him to mortal combat.

When the concert was over, the three-and-twenty little Crotchets came and laid their bags of gold at Semiquaver's feet. "They are yours, dearest Sem," they said; "you deserve and have earned them by yourself alone, more than all of us."

"No, no, my good brothers," replied Semiquaver; "your gold is fairly yours. I, too, have my reward; look here!"

And Semiquaver pulled from about his neck a battered old Sixpence, suspended—not by a dingy ribbon, but by a fairy chain of gold. "Fairy Worth has left her beauteous form for the present, and has given me this talisman, in which now resides her power. Could all the gold in the world make me half so rich?"

I need not say that the Hyperborean Minstrels or Nightingales of the North returned home immediately and gave their three-and-twenty bags of gold to King Crotchet. Fancy his joy when he recognized his three-and-twenty canvas bags; his delight when he saw that they were all filled with gold, and only gold; his raptures when he discovered that each coin was marked with a C in one corner. He had found his yellow darlings again, and crying:

"C stands for King Crotchet, oh;
No more is he wretched, oh,"

he fainted away with pleasure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALL pleasure must be *bought* at the expense of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this; for the true, the price must be paid *before* you enjoy it; for the false, *afterwards*.

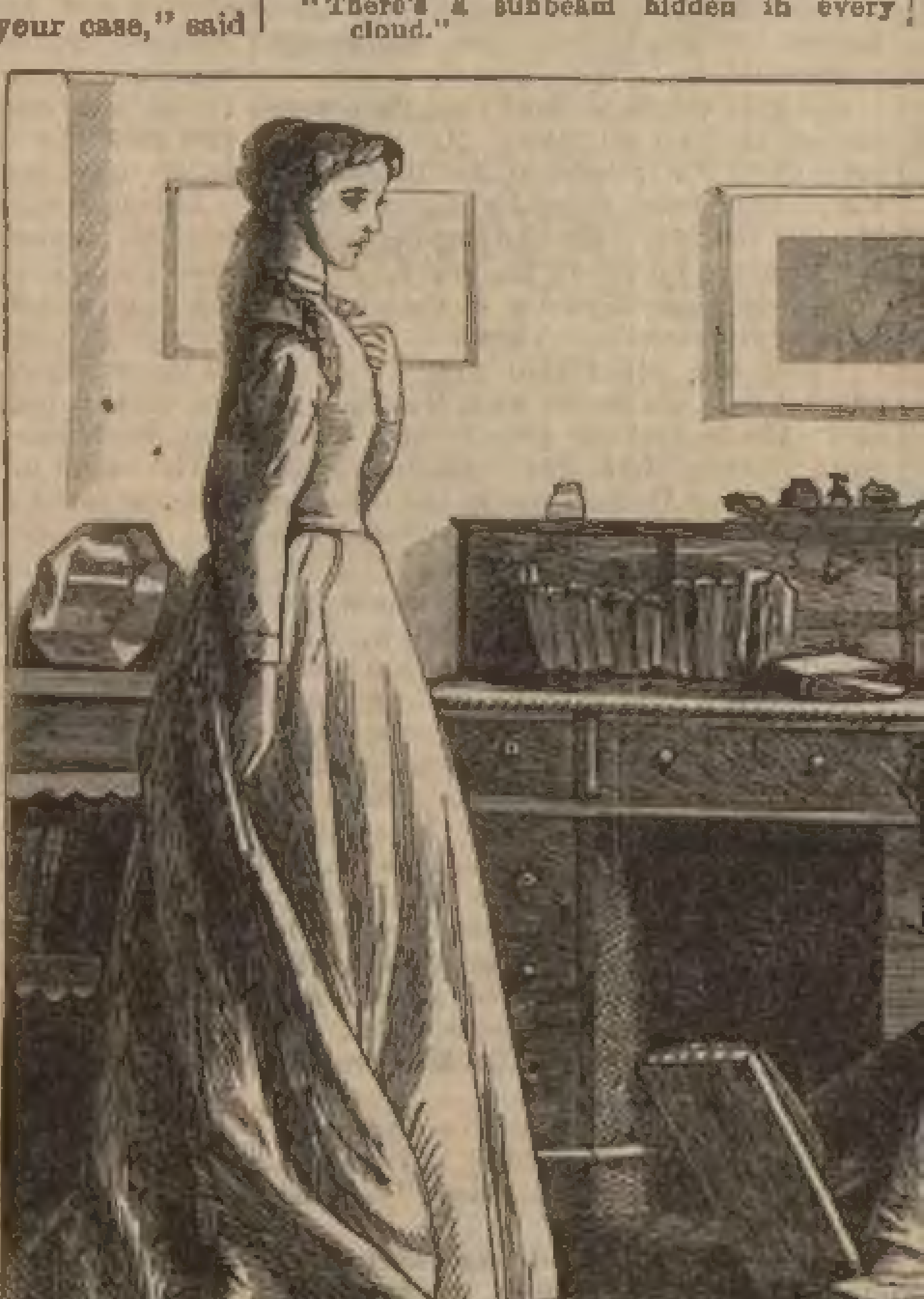
HIDDEN SUNBEAMS.

BY M. W. M.

There's a sunbeam hidden in every cloud,
The fiercest storm hath its ray of light,
And sure as a lull to the tempest loud,
As certain as morning follows the night,
So truly will sorrow yield its place
As Time's resistless course speeds on,
And joy again light the careworn face
Of him who thought all his pleasures gone.

Mourner, look up from thy dream of grief,
Man was not made for himself alone;
Life is a pilgrimage painful and brief,
Soon may'st thou join the lov'd ones flown.
Hast thou not dear ones left behind?
Then let not thy spirit be wholly bowed;
Oh! bear this motto forever in mind—
"There's a sunbeam hidden in every cloud."

And thou who art waging a worldly strife,
Deem not thy troubles too hard to bear;
There are thorns in the pathway of every life,
And, toil-worn worker, thou hast thy share;
But remember, in dark disappointment's hour,
When the voice of sorrow is deep and loud,
And the thought shall nerve your arm with power,
"There's a sunbeam hidden in every cloud."



SQUIRE PENTREATH PRESENTED TO

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Naomi grew pale at the announcement. Oswald had told her nothing about that talk with his father, the Squire's condition about the dowry being a hindrance to any such confidence. Naomi thought that the Squire had come to remonstrate. This happy year that was nearly ended was to be the beginning and end of her delight. Some crushing stroke was about to fall, annihilating love and happiness. No one had a good word for the Squire, and she could only think of him as a tyrant and an enemy.

She opened the door of communication with the shop.

"You are wanted, father. Mr. Pentreath has called to see you," she said, faintly.

"Tell him I shall come in to tea."

"It's not Oswald, father; it's old Mr. Pentreath."

"What, the Squire! then I must come at once. You'd better do no more till I come back, Jim; you'll only get things in a muddle."

And Jim, nothing loth to be released from his labors, shut the big account-book with a slam, jumped off his high stool, and came whistling out of the counting-house, a little railed-in pen at the end of the shop.

"I'll wash my hands and come to the Squire directly, Naomi," said Joshua; and then, seeing the girl's pale face, he stopped to pat her gently on the shoulder. "Don't be frightened, my dear; the Squire can do us no harm. We have been honest and straightforward throughout."

"I feel as if he had come to end my dream, father."

"Life is something more than a dream, Naomi; and a good woman's happiness is not to be blown away by the breath of a bad man."

He went out to the back premises to wash his hands; and then, in no wise discomposed by his visitor's importance, made his appearance in the parlor where the Squire was peering at the fly-leaf of the family Bible on which Joshua's marriage and the birth of his two children were recorded. Mr. Pentreath, who knew the names and histories of his neighbors for forty miles round Combhollow, was pleased to see that Naomi's mother had been a Penrose—a name which implied the probability of a dowry, the Penroses being wealthy farmers on the other side of Rockmouth.

He greeted the minister with unusual affability.

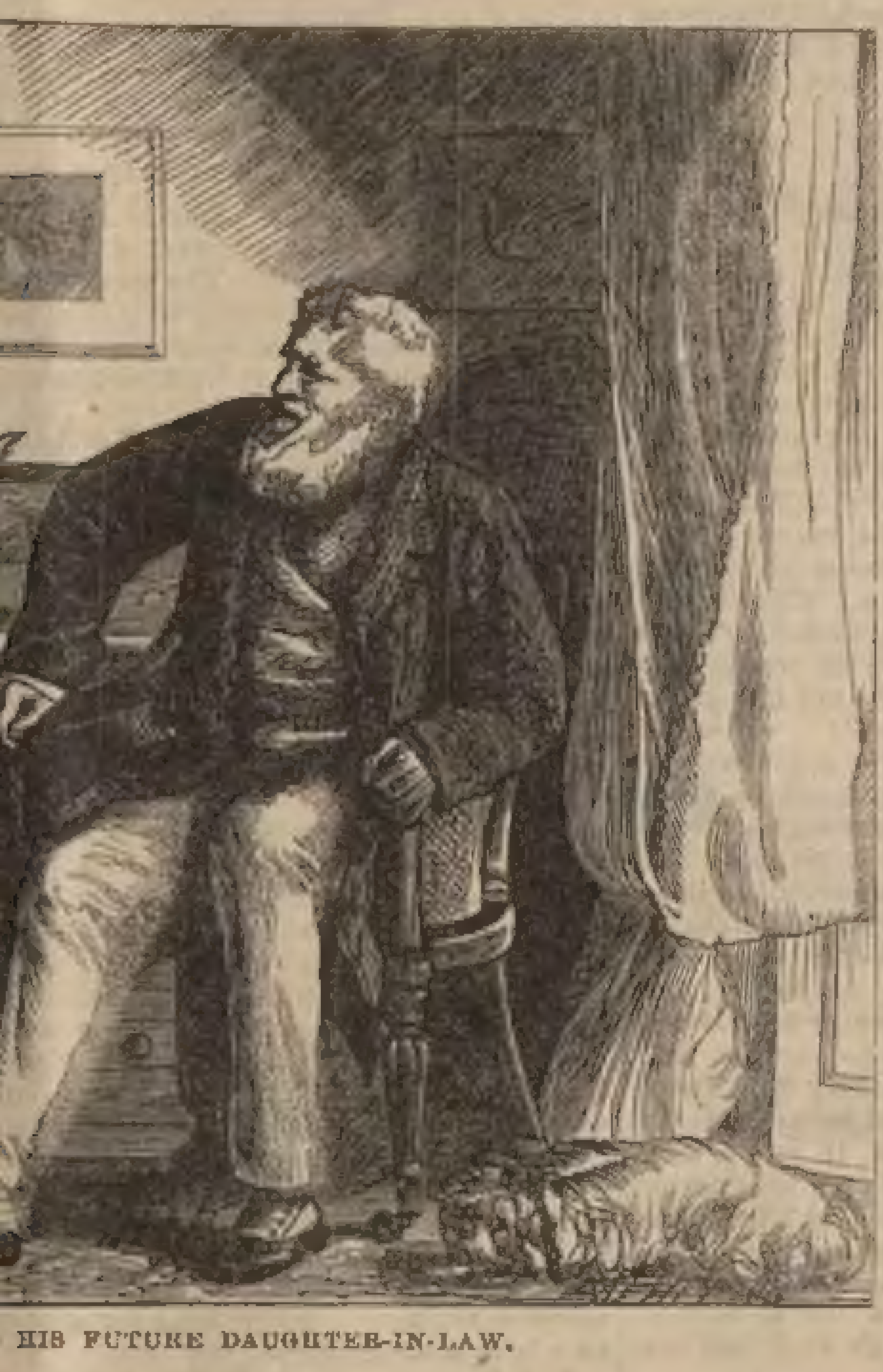
"I hope I didn't disturb you in your business occupations, Mr. Haggard," he began graciously. "I have wished to call upon you for ever so long; but I am a busy man myself, as I daresay you know—my own steward and bailiff; pay all my accounts with my own hands, and see to every detail—the only way to make a moderate estate thrive. Pray be seated, my dear sir; I want a friendly talk with you," concluded the Squire, ensconcing himself in the large chintz-covered arm-chair, chintz daintily clean and smelling of lavender.

Joshua drew out one of the ponderous horsehair-seated chairs from the wall, and sealed himself opposite his guest.

"Now I suppose, Mr. Haggard, though you and I have never met on friendly terms before, we had been living under the same roof for the last ten years. Nobody has any secrets in a place like Combhollow. You know that I was what is called wild in my youth; that I spent a good deal of money—very wild that—and mortgaged my estate in order to drink and gamble with a pack of ruffians whom I thought wits and fine gentlemen then, and whom I regard with ineffable contempt now. The only thing that has remained to me from those days is a certain liberality of opinion, which places me above the level of these country bumpkins you and I have the misfortune to live amongst."

"I count it no misfortune to live where I do, Mr. Pentreath. I have an honest liking for most of my neighbors, a warm affection for some of them."

"Ah, you are Christain-like by profession," sneered the Squire. "I suppose the animal creation in Combhollow is as good as any other cattle of the same breed, but when one has lived with men who think for themselves, and interchange ideas of some sort—no matter how spurious or how shallow—these sons of the soil are but poor company. However, as I was saying, my friends of 'ninety-five robbed me of my money, and gave me nothing but their freedom of thought in exchange. The school I graduated in held that a shopkeeper was as good as a landowner any day."


HIS FUTURE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

"The school that I belong to holds that all men are equal in the presence of his Creator," replied Joshua, quietly; "but we are not the less ready to respect distinctions of class upon earth, and to honor our superiors."

"Yet you allowed my son to come courting your daughter."

"Under such restrictions as would enable him and me to be very sure that he was in earnest before I suffered him to marry her."

"Upon my word, sir, you carry things with a high hand. And it never occurred to you to consult my feelings in respect to this alliance?"

"I considered your son old enough to make his own selection."

"Perhaps you did not know that I could disinherit him if he offended me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pentreath. I knew your estate to be unentailed, and your power to dispose of your property unlimited; but as I value your son for what he is himself, rather than for any possibility of inheritance, this consideration had no influence upon me."

"You mean to tell me that you would marry your daughter to a penniless gentleman?"

"I mean to tell you that I would marry her to an honest man who honestly loved her, and trust to Providence for finding him an occupation and a livelihood."

"You would make him turn preacher, perhaps?"

"Not unless he had the gift and vocation for such a calling. I would rather tie a linen apron round his waist and teach him to sell tea and sugar."

"A Pentreath turned village grocer!" cried the Squire; "that would be pushing freedom of opinion to its utmost. Well, Mr. Haggard, I admire your independence, and I am not going to interfere with my son's courtship of your daughter. He shall marry her if he likes and you like, and he shall have Pentreath Grange and all that belongs thereto in due time. There may be some of my neighbors who will call me a fool for this indulgence of a young man's fancy; but as my neighbors and I have never been on very friendly terms, I can afford to let them say hard things of me behind my back. Oswald may marry that handsome daughter of yours and bring her home to the Grange as soon as he pleases. And now, Mr. Haggard, having settled the main question we can proceed to details. How much money—you're a warm man, I know, my good friend—how much, now, do you mean to give this only daughter?"

"That is a question I have never asked myself."

"Perhaps not; but it is a question you must have expected somebody else to ask you sooner or later. My son has no more idea of life's realities than a bread-and-butter miss at boarding-school. He would never ask you such a question. It's my duty as a man of the world to think for him in this matter. You must have saved a good bit of money, Mr. Haggard. Your father had the business before you; and while you were roaming about the hills preaching to the miners and suchlike, he was selling tea at twelve shillings a pound. He left you something comfortable, I know, and your wife brought you a tidy little bit of money—didn't she, now?"

"My wife did not come to me empty-handed."

"Of course not; a sensible man like you would not marry a pretty face with an empty pocket. Now, to be perfectly frank with you, I am anxious that my son should be in a position to improve his estate. There's a great deal might be done for a few thousands—building larger barns, draining the low-lying meadows, and so forth. The money would not be squandered, my good friend. Your grandchildren would profit by any sacrifice you might make."

"Good,' said Joshua Haggard thoughtfully. "I think that, upon these conditions, I might give Naomi three thousand pounds for her portion."

"Not half enough for those necessary improvements. If you could say six thousand, now—"

"Impossible. I have a son to think about."

"Your son will succeed to your business."

"For which he must have sufficient capital. We are wholesale dealers in a small way, remember, Mr. Pentreath, and supply a good many village shopkeepers."

"Of course. What a splendid business yours must be! You can give your daughter six thousand pounds without feeling it."

"I could not give her so much without injustice to my boy, and nothing could tempt me to that."

"Pshaw! your business will have doubled itself before your son inherits it. Do you want to make him a millionaire?"

"I want to act fairly between him and his sister. The utmost I could give Naomi, either on her marriage or at my death, would be four or five thousand pounds."

"Say five and consider it settled," cried the Squire, eagerly.

"And I should expect you to settle land of the same value on my daughter, the rent of the same to be paid to her separate use and maintenance during her life, and the property to descend to her children, with reversion to her husband if she dies childless."

The Squire's countenance fell, and his small eyes sparkled angrily.

"Why, this is taking a mortgage on my land!" he exclaimed.

"No, Mr. Pentreath; it is only taking care of my daughter. She is incapable of spending such an income on herself, and her receipt of the money would be doubtless a mere form; but I want to feel that I have given my five thousand pounds to her positively, and not to her husband or her father-in-law. Should she be widowed early, the estate so settled would serve to keep her. Should you take it into your head to disinherit your son, the income from his wife's settlement would keep him out of the workhouse."

"You are a man of business, Mr. Haggard," exclaimed the Squire, divided between disappointment and admiration.

"I should be sorry to be in business if I were not. There is Mallowfield Farm, now; I have heard that valued at five thousand pounds. Settle Mallowfield on my daughter, and Oswald shall have the five thousand on his wedding-day, which is as much as to say you shall have the money to spend on barns or drainage."

"Mallowfield!" gasped the Squire, "the most compact bit of property on the estate!"

"I can keep my five thousand pounds and my daughter, Mr. Pentreath."

"There isn't better land in the county than this low-lying pastures. Well, I'll turn it over in my mind, friend Haggard. If you would say six thousand, now—"

"I never say more than I mean."

"Come now, I came here prepared to be liberal. Your daughter shall have Mallowfield. How canny of you to pitch upon the best of my farms! And look ye, Mr. Haggard, we'll have the settlements drawn up next week, and you and I will dance at our children's wedding before harvest-home."

"No, Mr. Pentreath; I told your son he must wait two years for my daughter. He has another year to wait before he calls her wife."

"Pshaw! you are as bad as that old gentleman in the Bible who served his son-in-law such a shabby trick. Why shouldn't these young people be married out of hand?"

"I don't believe in hasty marriages, sir. My wife and I had been promised to each other three years before we were married."

"But here, where there is no impediment—"

"There is difference of rank. I want to feel very sure that your son is in earnest—that there is no possibility of after-regrets. He has stood firm for a year, and I believe he loves my daughter. Let him be constant to that attachment for one year more, and I shall be content to trust him with her future. She is very precious to me. I cannot let her go lightly."

"Egad, I daresay it's the five thousand he won't let go," thought the Squire.

He ceded the point with a tolerable grace, eager as he had been to get the grocer's money into his clutches. After all, it might be well to have time to weigh the matter quietly—to see if there were no better match possible for Oswald, no more money to be made in the open market of matrimony. He was in bad odour among the county people, and had held himself aloof from them churlishly, not taking the trouble to assoilize himself and get rid of that evil taint left by the past, as he might have done by a little deference to popular prejudices. His unpopularity had reflected itself upon Oswald, and the young man had grown up without a companion or a friend, and quite outside that charmed circle in which rich young spinsters revolve. Still it might not be too late.

"There are places where young fellows pick up heiresses," mused the Squire: "Tunbridge Wells, or Bath, or Cheltenham, or Brighton—places where a good-looking young man with a good old name and a patrimonial estate might marry a fortune for the asking. But my son has no brains. An adventurer without a sixpence would out-manœuvre him anywhere."

And then the Squire, composing his features into a satyr-like grin, which was meant for a smile, asked to be presented to his future daughter-in-law; whereupon Joshua opened the parlor door and called Naomi, who came from the opposite room, pale and trembling a little, as if about to make the acquaintance of an ogre.

The shrivelled old Squire, with his large head and shrunken body, was not altogether unlike the popular idea of the ogre family. His gray hair straggled in sparse locks over his narrow brow.

At his waist the Squire wore a large bunch of keys and seals, which he was wont to rattle as he talked. His large gold watch was known to be the exactest timekeeper in Combhollow; and often when the whole town had lapsed ignominiously to the rear of Greenwich time, Mr. Pentreath's bell might be heard ringing up his household in the bleak wintry morning with a rigid exactitude to the very moment marked on the dial at the National Observatory.

Very like an ogre looked the Squire as he drew Naomi's head downward to his withered old lips, and honored her with the least agreeable kiss she had ever had in her life.

"God bless your handsome face!" said the old man graciously. "From this time forward you must think of me as your father."

"I never can have but one father, sir," answered Naomi gravely; "but I shall always honor and love you, for your son's sake."

"And you'll come and live at the Grange very soon, my dear, I hope, and keep those idle servants of mine in order"—this of the hardest-working household in Combhollow—"and look to the dairy. I never had a morsel of butter worth eating. This obstinate father of yours talks about Oswald waiting another year, but I see no reason why you should not be married in a month."

"Father always knows," said Naomi.

"What a demure puss it is! If your father were going to be married himself he'd be in a greater hurry, child. I'm an old man, and may not live to see next summer, and I should like to dance at my son's wedding. That is to say, I should like to see him comfortably married," said the Squire, correcting himself; "for as to wedding dances, or any such tomfoolery, I never held with them. Life's much too serious a matter for its most solemn changes to be ushered in by squeaking fiddles and lively jigs."

Having settled a business matter to his satisfaction, and having, as he believed, made himself eminently agreeable, Squire Pentreath took his leave, escorted to the little green garden gate by Joshua, and contemplated from the other side of the open street by the landlord of the First and Last.

"Everything is settled, my dear," said Joshua, bending down to kiss his daughter. "My sweet girl will be a lady—mistress of Pentreath Grange, and with manifold opportunities of doing good in her generation. But I hope she will never forget that before all and above all she is a Christian, and that earthly blessings are but charges and responsibilities in the sight of God."

"I should be something less than your daughter if I forgot that, my dear father," answered Naomi tenderly.

Never had she loved her father so dearly as in this moment, when the floodtide of happiness rushed in upon her soul with overwhelming force.

"Your lover has been true to you for a year, Naomi, and constant under restrictions that some would think hard; let him but prove steadfast for one year more, and I can give you to him without a shadow of doubt."

"He will be steadfast, father," answered the girl firmly, replying out of the fulness of her own faith, which she knew to be incapable of change or wavering.

CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE IN ONE HAND HIS BOW DID TAKE."

It was summer-time still, the tangled hedges fragrant with honeysuckle and the fields purple with clover," when Joshua Haggard entered the little village of Penmoyle again, after a year's absence, on foot and alone. He had been to the extremity of the peninsula to see Nicholas Wild, and to exult in the progress of that young man's ministrations and the growth of his influence; and now, upon his homeward way, he turned aside from the straight road to Truro, to take his rest in the fat pastures of Penmoyle.

He had arranged things better this time than on the last occasion, and had planned his holiday so as to spend a Sunday at Penmoyle and to preach to the little flock there. As on his former visit, it was a Saturday afternoon when he entered the village, and about the same hour. How peaceful, how unaltered everything looked, a beautiful placidity pervading all the scene—a quiet profound as that almost awful still of smooth mountain lakes locked in a circle of silent hills. And yet death found out Penmoyle now and then; and peoples' joints were wracked with rheumatism; and fever, like a furious Malay, ran a-muck among the simple villagers; and bad sons grew up to be the torment of neglectful fathers, and village innocence went astray, and all the evils that rend society at large were repeated in little in this narrow world of Penmoyle. But, smiling under a cloudless sky at the close of June, one might think the place a little bit of heaven that had broken off and fallen upon earth. Round it far and wide lay the wild hills of earth, pierced here and there with the shafts of deserted mines; but this green oasis must be a fragment of Paradise.

Joshua contemplated the place with a curious delight. It was not half so picturesque as Combhollow, but its inland beauty, its fertile frame of meadow and flowering hedgerow, moved him to deepest admiration.

"How pretty the village is!" he said to himself. "I never used to think it so beautiful."

There was the little chestnut-grove, where the street widened into a village-green, just opposite the homely old inn. And there, at the corner of the green, stood the Miss Weblings' neat abode, the brazen knocker shining, the brazen bird-cage gleaming in the afternoon sun, all the windows shut—it being a principle with the spinsters to exclude dust at some sacrifice of fresh air—the muslin curtains drawn back in neat loops, the flower pots as red as of old.

But there was something that distracted Joshua's eye from flower-pots and bird-cages, and that was a girlish

It was Cynthia, indulging in a few minutes' idle contemplation of the external world after her day's work was done and that afternoon toilet which was known throughout Penmoyle as cleaning oneself had been carefully performed. There was not much to look at, certainly, in the High street of Penmoyle, not much excuse for dawdling or frivolous curiosity, but still Cynthia looked. There was a lumbering old waggon, loaded high with fragrant hay, standing in front of the inn, while its custodian drank deep of a stinging cider in the bar; there was the innkeeper's poultry picking up a free living in the highway; there was the landlady's pet jackdaw discoursing hoarsely to the empty air, from his wicker cage in front of the parlor window with its scarlet curtain, which looked so cheerful on dark winter nights; there were the children playing Tommy Touchwood, under the chestnuts, and making as much noise as if a second Herod had just issued his edict for the extermination of another fourteen thousand innocents. And here came the tall figure of Joshua, in his black coat and breeches and well-fitting gray stockings, and neat buckled shoes, walking slowly up the street.

Cynthia gave a start at sight of him, and flung the gate open, and ran to meet him—blushing, impetuous, her blue eyes full of joy.

"I knew that you would come," she said.

Had she grown lovelier in the year that was gone, or had she always been thus supremely lovely? Joshua asked himself this, wonderingly. It seemed to him that he had never beheld anything so beautiful as that innocent face, lifted up to him in tenderest regard; those frank eyes; that rosy, smiling mouth; a complexion as of blush-roses—the old, half-forgotten blush-roses, that grew in the gardens of long ago, ivory-white petals, deepening to a soft carnation at the heart of the flower.

"I knew you would come," repeated Cynthia. "Miss Priscilla said you would write first, to say that you were coming; but I thought you would come just like this, when no one expected you, walking quietly up the street some Saturday afternoon. I thought it would be on a Saturday; and I have watched for you every Saturday since the roses began to flower. You said you would come in the summer. Are you going back to Truro for the night coach?"

"No, Cynthia; I am going to stay till Monday, if my friends will have me."

"How glad I am!" she cried, clasping her hands. "And you will read to us again in the best parlor?"

"Yes, Cynthia. I hope you have been good."

"I have learned to read the Bible."

"That's good news. And have you been industrious and obedient?"

"I don't quite know; but I think the ladies are pleased with me. Miss Priscilla has given me her flowery gown, and Miss Webling has given me a buckle; and they let me sit with them of evenings, when there's no company."

"Then I think you must have been good. Worthy people like the Miss Weblings would treat you according to your deserts."

"They have been very kind, and I am very happy."

"And you have never wished yourself back among those show folks?"

"Never, never. I was fond of the pony, but he was the only person I really cared for. If I were quite sure nobody would ill use him, I should never give a thought to my old life; but I do think about him sometimes, poor fellow."

"You have never seen or heard anything of your people?"

"I have never seen them. Some of the school-children saw them last September on the Truro road—I know it was them, by the pony—but they never came nearer than that. I have dreamed about them many a time, and woke crying, thinking I was with them again."

"You shall never be with them again, Cynthia. Why, if they were to come this way now they would hardly know you, you have grown so sedate looking."

She was neatly clad in one of those lavender prints he had selected. She wore a muslin handkerchief across her shoulders, a muslin cap on her fair, soft hair, which was simply dressed after her own style, in which she had reproduced, unawares, the style of a Greek statue. Her round, white arms were bare, the hands reddened a little with labor, but neither large nor ill shaped.

"I shall hear what your mistresses have to say of you," said Joshua, as he moved towards the doll's-house door, "and if they give a good account of your conduct, I shall be better pleased than I can say."

He had little fear of their report. Such innocent gladness as made radiant Cynthia's face, never went along with evil-doing. The girl ushered him into the best parlor, and then ran up-stairs to rouse her mistresses, who were taking a gentle siesta on their comfortable tent-bed—a bedstead whose posts had been decapitated to accommodate them to the lowly ceiling of the Miss Webling's chamber.

The spinsters reposed side by side upon the coverlet, the *County Chronicle* spread under their feet to guard the spotless counterpane; their hair repapered, lest the corkscrew curls should relax from their wiry stiffness in the temporary dissolution of slumber. On hearing of Mr. Haggard's arrival, the simultaneous movement of the sisters was to rush to the small, square looking-glass, and take their hair out of papers; the next, to smooth out their ample muslin collars—assisted in this operation by Cynthia—and to adjust the velvet bands upon their foreheads.

In the parlor, the greetings of last summer were gone through again, with exact reproduction. The seedy cake and the cowslip wine were brought out of the panelled cupboard, and Mr. Haggard was asked solemnly if he had dined. This time he was able to reply conscientiously, that he had eaten a hearty dinner of pork and greens at a roadside inn—for people used to dine upon pork and greens in those days, and were not ashamed to own it.

"I am going to spend Sunday at Penmoyle," said Joshua; "there are friends I was not lucky enough to see last year; so I have given myself a holiday to-morrow."

"That's good news," cried Deborah; "and you'll stay here of course? Our spare room is always kept aired, though we don't often have a visitor, unless it's when old Uncle Weston comes from Penzance."

Small as the cottage was, it boasted its spare bedchamber, over the best parlor—a room glorified by a good deal of fine art in the shape of various samplers executed in crewels by the Miss Weblings' prize pupils.

"I shall be very pleased to stay here," replied Joshua, "if you're sure I sha'n't be putting you out."

"Putting us out!" exclaimed the impulsive Priscilla; "dear! Mr. Haggard, when we value your acquaintance as one of our most blessed privileges!"

"And as for linen," said the more practical Deborah, "we've the stock of house-linen our dear mother left us—every bit of the yarn her own spinning—the sheets and table-cloths we top-sewed when we were children."

"And now tell me how you have got on with Cynthia," said Joshua, trying to feel as if the question were not one that touched him nearly—trying to approach the subject with the same equable spirit in which he would have discussed the welfare of any member of his little flock at Combhollow. "Has she been docile and useful? Do you think you shall make her a good servant?"

"Mr. Haggard," said Deborah, so solemnly that Joshua thought something bad was coming—he felt himself breathing quicker, as in a moment of fear—"Mr. Haggard, that girl is a treasure."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Joshua, with infinite relief.

"It's not many people would pick up such a pearl by the wayside; but it's natural that angels should come unawares to such a good man as you."

"Never mind me," interjected Joshua eagerly. "Tell me about Cynthia."

"I don't think there's a better girl in the West of England, or one that's quicker and neater with her hands. Of course sister and I have taken pains with her. I'm not going to deny that, or that we took all the more pains with her out of regard for you. But she has been so quick to learn, with her hands especially. I don't pretend to say that she has a powerful mind—not like sister Priscilla's, for instance." (Priscilla screwed her lips together and tried not to look proud.) "Not a mind to grasp long division or the genealogies of the tribes of Israel, or the wars with the Philistines." (Priscilla shook her head gravely, as if it held as much scriptural knowledge as Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*.) "But for handiness and willingness and neatness and goodness of heart, there's no one to surpass her. She nursed me beautifully for three weeks, when I had a bad attack of my quinsy last winter; and if you'd seen how prettily she ornamented this parlor with holly and green stuff at Christmas time, you'd have been quite struck."

"I am more pleased than I can tell you," said Joshua; and the unwonted glow upon his dark cheek told that the pleasure was very real.

"Of course you'd naturally be anxious. It was an awful risk. I'm sure I used to wake in the middle of the night often, when she was first with us, and tremble for the silver teapot. She might have cut both our throats and gone off with the plate, if she'd been badly inclined."

Both sisters shuddered at this appalling possibility.

"And she has learned to read, she tells me," said Joshua.

"Bee-autifully!" exclaimed Priscilla. "We never had a pupil, young or old, that learnt so quick. She said she wanted to learn, to please her kind friend who took her out of bondage—meaning you, Mr. Haggard. Many an evening has that poor child sat puzzling over her book, when she first began—and even the letters were some of them strange to her—and wouldn't leave off when we told her."

"I am proud to think that I was not mistaken in her," said Joshua, "when I read truth and innocence in her countenance."

"And there's something so genteel about her," pursued Priscilla. "She never presumes upon one's kindness, or forgets her station. I'm sure the way we've let her sit with us of an evening and taken her for walks would have turned some girls' heads; but she has always kept her place and respected ours."

"It does my heart good to hear this account of her," said Joshua. "And now I'll go down the village and look in upon my old friends. Mr. Martin still lives next the chapel, I suppose?"

"Yes, dear old gentleman; and though he's getting feeble and is not the preacher he used to be, people come from six miles off to hear him, and the chapel's so crowded that on warm Sundays sister and I are obliged to take peppermint lozenges to keep off the faintness. There's many a heart will be stirred if you preach to-morrow, Mr. Haggard."

"Don't forget that we tea at five," said Deborah.

"No, I shall be back by five," replied Joshua, slowly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SOLDIER OF BRANDYWINE.

It was the tenth of September, in the year 1777. The sun had passed the meridian, and was slowly sinking to the west, when two lads might have been seen following its course with flashing eyes and fast beating hearts, conversing as they went upon the condition of the country and the probable success of their own youthful plans. The spot where we are first introduced to them lies in what is now called Springfield Township, some four or five miles north of the town of Chester, in Delaware county. As they proceed on their way, they come to a crossing, where, leaning against the finger-board, a man clad in half military, awaits their coming.

"Good morning, my fine fellow," said the stranger, in a voice slightly marked by a foreign accent, "I have lost my way, and would gladly know whither these roads lead."

"This leads to Chester," said the elder of the boys.

"And this, which is marked with chalk, 'To Chadsford?'"

"To the encampment of the American army under Washington.

"Then it is the road I am to follow. I go to imitate my illustrious countryman, Lafayette, in struggling for the national existence of America."

"And we go with you."

The soldier and the lads fought side by side at the battle of Brandywine. Towards the close of the day the soldier fell dead, shot through the body.

In the following spring the lads planted a tree on the spot where they had buried the body, which still stands to indicate the spot where lies one of the noblest avengers of the country's wrongs.

WHERE there is much light the shadow is deep.

WHEN WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEE

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

When we lay us down to sleep,
In some sad, sweet day to be,
When the grasses wave and creep
Softly over you and me,
Who will miss our faces then?
Who of us sweet thoughts will keep,
In that lonely moment when
We shall lay us down to sleep.

When we lay us down to sleep,
With our hands across our breast,
And our slumber sweet and deep
Bringeth to us peace and rest,
Who will come to kneel above,
Where the wild flowers nod and creep
Come to whisper words of love
When we lay us down to sleep?

When we lay us down to sleep,
And our journey is o'er,
When the shadows round us creep,
Here on earth to wake no more,
Will it matter then at all
Who may sigh or who may weep,
Since sweet rest to us befall
When we lay us down to sleep?

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, V 55. Back numbers can always be obtaine

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DOWNEY'S STATEMENT.

A fearful confusion ensued in room in which the tragic end of Harv Benton had occurred. The screams the women, who were crowding into room, were scarcely less distracting tha the incoherent words and aimless mov ments of many of the men.

Nearly all the inmates of the hon were now in the small apartment, a the confusion and excitement was u bounded.

It was with the greatest difficulty th the room was cleared and the dead bod lifted to a sofa, that stood at the sid while one of the servants was despatch to Dover for the proper officers.

The maniac, who was now recogniz to be no other than Downey, as Sedl had declared, was next examined. H had fallen, after the excitement of th struggle, and now lay motionless, sa for occasional convulsive movements the limbs, while a moaning sound fro his lips attested great pain.

He was found to have been dreadful burned, and to be bleeding from cu made by fragments of the broken glas He feebly resisted the examinatio which seemed to be very painful to hi

It was the opinion of all present th his hurts were fatal. He gave no ev dence of insanity during the examin tion, but looked up at them with an e in which there seemed the light of r turning reason. He was finally remov to a bed, and the doctor sent for.

Lovelace now drew Sedley out fro the room, leaving the servants to cle up the debris of the fire. He display to him, with an air of triumph, the p pers he still held in his hand.

"Well, what are they?" asked Sedle curiously.

"They are the lost proofs of my ide tity," replied Lovelace. "The pape which I left in Mr. Browning's care, an which so suddenly and mysteriously di appeared."

"And you think that Benton was the bottom of their loss?"

"I think it is evident enough. H had hidden them in the stuffed arm his chair. Why he did not destroy the outright I cannot understand. Of cour he did not know how matters woul turn, and may have thought it advisab to keep them safely until affairs becam settled. They might have remained the for half a century but for the fortuna breaking of the chair.'

"And what do you think was his o ject in this?"

"What has been his object in all He murdered Mr. Browning for the pu pose of getting the management and co trol of his property. But this migh have eventually been taken from hi He tried, therefore, to destroy my proo of identity with the purpose of gettin my inheritance into his hands. This could apply as he pleased, and no o likely to question as to its disposal."

"A deep-laid scheme, indeed," cri Sedley. "And Miss Browning was be put out of the way, to remove all o stacles from his path?"

"That was partly his purpose," r plied Lovelace. "But it would not ha been precipitated had she not plain expressed to him doubts of his probit He was growing to be afraid of her."

"And of you, I should imagine."

"Undoubtedly. He certainly laid deep scheme to have me removed fro his path. The handkerchief which w found, marked with my initials, w doubtless prepared by him. As for m knife, I am satisfied he stole it from m pocket on the occasion of my visiti him. I have told you how I displayed to him. I remember now of his brus ing close past me as I left the house. believe that then it passed from m pocket to his."

"The unbounded villain!" cried Se ley, excitedly. "He would have h you hung for murder, then, to scre himself, and to remove your daughter opposition from his path."

"He certainly tried hard. We c both be thankful that he did not su ceed."

The town authorities arrived dul from Dover, and heard, with deep a tonishment, of the startling events th had occurred. They made the necessa examination, and gave the appropria orders. The corpse was removed, a the papers of the deceased examine and laid aside.

The doctor, on examining the cond tion of Downey, found him, as they ha suspected, hopelessly injured. Ever effort was made to alleviate the pai from his wounds, but it was found to b useless to apply remedial agencies wit the hope of recovery.

He was rapidly sinking, and it wa apparent that he could not long survive His madness seemed all gone. His eye had the light of intelligence, and h spoke calmly and coherently.

He was left under the charge of nurse, while the others collected below and entered into a discussion of the ex citing events that had occurred.

Of the murder of Mr. Browning at th instigation, or by the hand, of Harve Benton, all were fully satisfied. The retribution which had come on him, firs in his paralysis, and now in his violen death, terrible as it seemed, was deeme but a just return for his murderous deed. His former life was considered, and, despite his usual softness of manner and shrewd habit of secrecy, many instance were related in which there was reason to believe that he had played the villain. He had been such an adept in covering up his track, however, that no act o villainy could be clearly laid out at his door.

This affair of the murder remained yet deeply mysterious, despite the light that had been thrown upon it. The various points of evidence were considered, and step by step the matter traced forward until it began to assume a more consistent shape.

At this point word was received that Downey was rapidly growing weaker, and was in a very dangerous condition. He had requested that several persons, whom he named, should be called into his room, as he had an important statement to make.

His desire was at once complied with. He spoke in a very feeble tone, asking that a notary should be called in to take down his deposition. Such a public functionary was present, and was sent for in obedience to this request.

There was a feeling of excitement in those present, for they felt that the mystery of the well-concealed murder was about to be revealed to them. They expressed this feeling, however, and waited quietly for the statement promised.

His first words showed that they were correct in their surmise. He had been present at the murder of Mr. Browning, which had been done by the hand of Harvey Benton. He had lost his reason through the horror of the scene.

On being questioned as to the particulars he proceeded as follows:

"You are all aware that I had a quarrel that afternoon with Mr. Browning. He excited me greatly and I was more violent than the occasion called for. Harvey Benton was in the office at the time, and instigated me to violence in his smooth, devilish way. I think that madness must have been coming on me then, and that he knew it. He asked me to meet him at a certain point by the creek that evening, telling me I should have revenge for the insult I had received. He wrought upon me so that I was ready for almost any form of revenge that offered itself. I met him, as agreed, in the field, just after dark, and proceeded to the point in question. He continued to work upon my maddened feelings until I became wild with anger. We now observed a man approaching across the fields, who, on drawing near, proved to be Mr. Browning."

"You did not, then, send a threatening letter to Mr. Browning, daring him to meet you at this place?" asked one of the listeners.

"No. If he received such a letter it must have been prepared by the fiend, who managed the whole business, for the purpose of bringing us together. I have an indistinct recollection of the violent altercation that ensued between us. I know that very bitter words passed, and that finally we grappled and entered into a violent struggle. He was stronger than me, and only the fury of madness made me a match for him. I cannot say that I was really insane then, but the excitement of the struggle fed the seeds of madness already planted in my brain. At this juncture I felt the handle of a knife thrust into my hand. I can remember looking over the shoulder of the man with whom I was grappled, and seeing the eyes of my evil genius, Harvey Benton, fastened on me with a basilisk-like, fiendish, significant glare. I knew his purpose, but, exasperated as I was, I could not do the deed to which he was seeking to instigate me. My antagonist partly broke loose, raised his cane, which he had still held, and struck me a hard blow. At that instant I felt the hand that held the knife clutched, and a fierce, vigorous blow made. As I am a living man, I strove to resist it, but the action was too quick and powerful for prevention. The knife was buried to the hilt in Mr. Browning's breast, and he fell, stricken through the heart with a fatal wound."

Exclamations of horror and indignation arose from the persons in the room as this story reached its dreadful culmination, and the voice of the speaker grew strong and intense in the excitement of his feelings. He was so exhausted with the effort that for several minutes he was incapable of speaking, but lay breathing heavily.

"It may seem strange," he said, when again able to speak, "that I remember these facts so distinctly, having been since that time an inmate of an insane asylum; but I had my sane intervals, in which the whole affair arose vividly before me, and in which my hatred of the fiendish murderer grew into a secondary madness.

"I remember but indistinctly what followed. I was overcome with horror at the spectacle before me. It seemed to me then that I was myself the murderer. I think the stress of horror that came upon me completed the overthrow of my reason, and I became like a child in the hands of the villain, filled with a shuddering fear, but doing whatever he bade me with a docility for which I can scarcely account. I remember trying to staunch the blood with my hat. I remember, also, that Benton drew a pistol from the dead man's breast and threw it into the swamp. There was a boat drawn up by the bank, to which we carried the bleeding body. Benton took the oars and rowed into the stream, while I sat in a terrified state, my eyes fixed on the corpse, from whose breast the blood oozed at every movement of the oars.

"All this was but faintly impressed upon me, but I have recalled it in my sane moments. Of what followed my recollections are still fainter. I indistinctly remember his harshly commanding me to remove my clothes and to put on those of the corpse. My clothes were put on the corpse, and it was thrown overboard, with a stone to sink it. I must then have been insane with fear. My next recollection is of our landing. Here my terror of my companion yielded for a moment to the fierceness of insanity. I grappled with him. He was strong, but I was furious. He broke from me and started to run up the bank. I followed and struck him a violent blow on the back of the neck. His foot slipped in the mud and he fell on his face. He sprang up again and rushed to the boat, I pursuing him. Here he seized the cane that still lay in the boat, and struck me fiercely on the head, prostrating me."

"The blow you gave him accounts for Benton's paralysis," said the former speaker. "He must have received an injury to the spine, or to the brain, that gradually affected the nervous system."

"All I remember afterwards is being in a carriage, my head supported on the cushions. I recollect, too, the face of a person with us in the carriage, whom I afterwards knew well as the head-keeper of the asylum."

His strength had so failed that it was with difficulty he finished this long statement. The notary had taken down the many points of his story, to which, after hearing it read, he now duly attested. This duty finished the doctor ordered all but the nurse from the room.

CHAPTER XL.

FROM GRIEF TO HAPPINESS.

Mary Browning rested quietly that night at Melton, all unconscious of the tragic events that were taking place at her home. The quiet night's sleep had a very good effect upon her, and prepared her for the story which her lover felt it his duty to tell her the next morning.

He softened the dreadful narration as much as possible, but still the dark certainty of her father's murder, and by the hand of his near relative, and the retributive fate which had overtaken the murderer, affected her strongly. The whole sad detail was so full of the elements of horror, and was so coupled with the terrors of her own share in the results of the villain's scheme, that she could not otherwise than feel deeply and painfully the sorrowful fate that had fallen upon her.

Lovelace did his utmost to soften the terrible narrative, and succeeded in somewhat alleviating the bitterness of the cup which fate had given her to drink. But all the strength of his love, all the tenderness he lavished upon her, and all the reliance she felt in his affection, were drowned, for the time being, in the depth of sorrowful grief from which nothing could save her.

It was hours before she recovered from the paroxysm of grief to which she gave way in the solitude of her own chamber. It was days before the sharp pang of the dread certainty of her father's murder lost its poignant bitterness, and before she began to regain the cheerfulness that was the natural inheritance of youth and health. Days passed, indeed, before she could bear to return to her home.

Every trace of the dreadful circumstances detailed had been removed, yet the house was to her full of dread significance, and every room seemed to her filled with the ghostly forms of grief and pain. Pleasant reminiscenses of her past life now returned to her on wings of sorrow. The whole house was associated to her with the loving kindness of her father, to whom she had ever been the very apple of his eye. His absence then, and the grievous thoughts it constantly engendered, haunted her wherever she went.

But this was a calmer, though more enduring, sorrow than that which had at first afflicted her. The first news of her father's loss had been a blow that almost killed her, but from which the uncertainty of his fate soon enabled her to greatly recover.

But her imprisonment had weakened and depressed her, and when, on this, her doubt was changed to a terrible certainty, it was but natural that she was thrown into a state of permanent grief.

But the constant attentions of her lover, her security in his affection, and the strong love for him, which not even her sorrow could weaken, were powerful levers in lifting her into a more cheerful state.

Youth and health, too, wrought upon her, and slowly but surely raised her from a mental condition unnatural to one of her age, but which had been inevitably thrust upon her by the dreadful events which had clustered around her life.

Lovelace's evidences of his identity, so strangely recovered, proved all sufficient to establish him as the person he claimed to be. The proper legal examination was made, and it was decided as conclusively proved that he was the true heir to the property, measures being taken to put him in possession of his patrimony.

An effort was made to arrest Jake Haydon for his complicity in the abduction, as there was no proof that he had acted with guilty knowledge in the carrying off of Downey, but he had somehow mistrusted danger, and made himself scarce in that quarter of the world, the attempts to find him proving unsuccessful.

His companion, Bill, was tried for his part in the affair, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

The conduct of the asylum was closely searched into, the keepers being separately questioned, the presiding officer of the institution, and the medical attendants subjected to a rigid examination, and a complete and searching investigation made.

But no positive proof could be found that any of these persons were aware of Miss Browning's sanity, or that any other sane person had ever been confined there. If such had been the case, no evidence of the fact remained.

It seemed probable that the villainous head-keeper and his associate had used their position to further wrongful deeds of their own. The keepers, in their arrest and imprisonment of Lovelace, had been acting under orders from their superior, and professed to have believed that he was insane.

In short, the investigation ended without a criminal discovery being made, a reprimand to the head official for his lack of vigilance and for the harsh treatment of his patients being the conclusion of a research which the citizens had expected would produce some astounding revelations.

But we must bring our story to a close. Lovelace settled down upon his estate, and became a valued resident of the district. His eccentric manners clung to him, though they were toned down somewhat by the consciousness that he had the position of a country gentleman to support.

The betrothal that existed for a year and more between him and Mary Browning ended happily in a marriage, at which all our friends were present, and it was generally declared that a better-suited couple, or a more desirable match had never taken place in that region.

Joe Sedley appeared to think that it was an example well worthy of being followed, for it was not long thereafter before he and the young lady to whom he had long been paying his addresses were made one at the hymenial altar, and as happy and well-assorted a "one" as Dover held.

Tim Sparks, who had been so prominent an actor in discovering and overcoming the villainies to which our characters had been subjected, was admitted to as prominent a share in their good fortune.

Lovelace had a very exalted opinion of the boy's natural ability, and determined that it should be aided as much as possible. He was sent to school, and proved an apt and diligent student. He was afterwards taught a mercantile business, becoming a very efficient salesman. He was finally established on his own account in business, and is, at the present day, a flourishing and respected merchant of Delaware.

Joe Sedley has long since given up telegraphing as a business, and purchased a small place of his own adjoining Vinedell.

He and Lovelace continue to be the nearest of friends, "fighting their battles over again" almost nightly, but finding too great attractions at home to ever think of returning to the rambling life of their younger days.

Chief among the attractions are the two ladies who have become the wives of these fortunate individuals. They, too, are the best of friends, happy in their husbands, and in their lives even the terrible events we have narrated having become softened by time to the Mary Browning of our story, so that the sorrow which still at intervals comes upon her, is but as a passing shadow upon the bright sunshine of her life.

[THE END.]

A STRANGE INSECT.

The San Francisco *News Letter* describes the newest discovery in natural history, being an insect which has been christened without consulting the scientists—or as the *News Letter* calls them, the "bug sharp"—a "man bug." The description is as follows: "The creature has a body of a dark green color, mottled with yellow or orange colored spots. This is about five inches long by two and a half broad, of a beetle shape and terminating at the head in a pair of red and very vicious looking eyes and two horny mandibles of a like color and a decidedly snappish appearance. It has no appearance of wings. Its most peculiar feature, however, is a single pair of spidery legs attached to the lower end of its body. These are about twelve or fourteen inches in length and singularly resemble those of a man in regard to the number of joints and the fact that it stands bolt upright on them. The creature stands some foot and a half high, walks with a long, crane-like stride, and is like nothing so much as an immense June bug on stilts. Its only known food is mice, and these, when introduced into the large bird cage that confines it, it seizes with a sudden dash of its foot or claw and dispatches voraciously." It was found on the island of Iwiwau, some sixty miles south of Steinberger's domain.

AGRICULTURAL.

AMONG the most useful plants of New Mexico is the soap weed, the roots of which are used for soap. The Mexicans prefer it to soap, claiming that it extracts all dirt and grease and restores the lustre of the goods.

A MACHINE for shearing sheep is a recent California invention. It facilitates the work immensely, makes the operation less disagreeable for the animal, and will probably be a great boon in the large sheep-raising districts.

IF a farmer can save fifty or one hundred pounds of bones it will pay to dissolve them by packing them in a water-tight cask in unleached ashes; then fill in all the water the cask will hold, keeping it full for about two months, when the bones will be as a mass of jelly. Then mix them, ashes and all, with four or five times their bulk of soil, and you will have a valuable fertilizer.

THE agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune* says: "There are several excellent recipes for making grafting wax for outdoor work, but the following we know to be good, from experience: 2½ pounds of rosin, 1 pound of beeswax, ½ pound of tallow. An ordinary glue pot forms a convenient vessel to melt the above, and keep it in a liquid state while the grafting operation is going on.

IF horses having sprung knees are allowed to rest a few months (best in pasture) rubbing the joints daily with a liniment of equal parts of creosote and turpentine and two parts of olive oil, a cure is often effected. It is advisable to bandage the joints while the liniment is applied—that is, to remove the bandage to apply it, and then put it on again. Rub in the liniment on the under as well as the outer side of the knees.

FIFTY fowls will make, in the roosting house alone, one-half ton per annum of the best manure in the world, or more than enough to manure an acre of land, seventy pounds of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure is known to be still richer in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way; and the figures will command careful attention from the farmer.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE value of rabbits, artificially bred in France, as food, is reported to be $80,000,000 annually. Besides this, their skins, which are employed for a great variety of uses, either with or without the fur, represent a large sum, the value of the exportation to Italy alone, reaching $5,000,000 in a single year. The flesh of these rabbits is used principally by the poorer classes, whom it supplies with a cheap and nutritious diet, which, if it could only be supplied from beef, mutton and pork, they could not afford.

ONE of the most beautiful things for an ornamental hedge is the Japan quince (pyrus japonica), the scarlet apple-like blossoms of which are now very well known. It is considered rather difficult to transplant, but if set rather deep it does very well. There need be no fear of injuring them even though several inches of the branches are buried in the ground. If to this the tops of these branches are nipped a little after planting, success is as well-assured as in any other plant. It grows slow, but is very beautiful when fully established.

STRAWBERRIES may be grown in hills or beds. If one has plenty of garden room, a good way is to set the plants in rows, two feet apart, and the plants eighteen inches apart in the rows; then keep the runners cut off, and grow the fruit in hills, or the rows may be allowed to grow in a compact mass of plants, with about a foot of open space between them as a walk. Strawberry plants are either staminate (male) or pistillate (female), and the pistillates which are known by their small, delicate flowers, without stamens, must always be grown near good, strong staminate varieties—one row to three of pistillates is enough. Old beds that have become a thick mass of plants should be thinned and weeded out in May. A hoe about six inches wide is very good for this purpose; and any blacksmith can make one, by cutting off the sides of an ordinary farm hoe.

THE *Gardener's Monthly* says, in an article on the old question of deep planting: We want ordinary flower seeds as near the surface as we can get them. Scrape from the bed of mellow earth soil to the thickness of the trowel-blade. Sow the seed, draw the soil back, and beat firmly down on the seed. The principle is that seeds want moisture to make them grow, but they must have air—one is an evil without the other. If deep, they get only water, in which case they rot. If entirely on the surface, they get only air, and then they dry up. As to heating the soil, the principle is that large spaces in soil enable the earth to dry out rapidly. Small spaces, on the other hand, hold water. Crushing earth, when dry, gives it these small spaces, or, as gardeners call it, makes it porous. Planted as directed, the seeds are where they will be near the air, and yet so fixed that they will be regularly moist.

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLES FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial Diseases, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exerts its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and, by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

FACETIÆ.

THEY say now in London that the only reason for the Prince's visit to India was that he felt H'indoo ty bound to go.

WHY are cents separated from dollars by a point? To make sense of course. Don't you see the point?—*Danbury News.*

A NEW TEST.—Aunt (in alarm)—"Surely, you've eaten enough, haven't you, Tommy?"
Tommy (in doubt) "F-f-f feel me!"

FIRST BOY—"I say, Jimmy, there's no water. It's frozen, everywhere."
Second Boy—"Bully! Maybe we won't have to wash ourselves till the middle of spring."

"WHAT's uses play pokel," remarked an almond-eyed denizen of Tucson, Nevada, the other day. "Me hold four kilngs and a lace; Melican man hold all same time four laces and a kling; whole week washee gone likee woodbine."

ONE morning a little four-year-old boy lay awake in his crib. His head seemed to be stopped with a cold. After vainly struggling for a while to clean it, he exclaimed:
"Mamma, what is the matter with one side of my nose? It won't go."

A LITTLE boy said to his mother the other morning:
"Ma, I had the beautifulest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went out into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you were going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end. Didn't I get out of it easy, though?"

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard.
"Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, David Garrick—who was always a little fellow—robbing a dozen orchards with impunity, but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree—for I was always a heavy boy—the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why Justice is represented with a pair of scales."

IN the town of Hartland, Niagara county, some twelve or fifteen years ago, there lived an old fellow who was not noted for his fondness for good books; he liked good liquor better. An agent, calling one day, asked if the house was supplied with a Bible.
"Oh, yes," he said, "they always had it."
The agent was a little incredulous, and decided to see it.
The old man searched the house through, and at last produced a few stray leaves, saying "he had no idea they were so near out of Bible."

THE libellant's counsel in a divorce case in England recently, while cross-examining the co-respondent concerning a certain affecting leave-taking with the respondent at a railway station, asked:
"Did you not place your hand in his, saying, 'Meet me in heaven, George?'"
"Would you have me ask him to meet me in hell?" flashed back the lady.
When the roars of the court room had subsided the lawyer repeated:
"Did you, or did you not, ask him to meet you in heaven?"
"Yes I did," was the next retort, "but I hope you don't call that an improper assignation!"

AFTER witnessing the other night, in this city, a play divided into five acts, the intermissions between which he had evidently improved, a gentleman riding in one of our street cars got to his feet, straightened his legs as well as he could, adjusted his hat, looked up and measured for an instant the distance to the bell strap, made a dive for it, caught it at the third attempt, put his entire weight on it, and of course rang both bells violently.
"Here! here! what's the matter with yer?" yelled the conductor. "What are yer ringing the bell at both ends for?"
"Because," cried the passenger, with great contempt, "because (hic) I want both ends of the (hic) car to stop."

THE FRENCH NURSE.—This morning, as we were coming to the office, we met a beautiful little boy in charge of a French nurse. He had big eyes and golden hair and velvet clothes. The French maid had on a French nurse's cap, a French white muslin apron—cut bias, we think—a French calico dress, and a sweet smile. We wanted to know whose little boy the little boy was, but as we don't like to speak French to the lower classes we hesitated. We thought there were several people looking at us, so we said in English, with a fine French accent:
"Ma'mselle, whose nice little boy is this?"
And we looked up at the maid's mouth for the sweet French answer. She smiled louder and said—understood every word:
"Well, sur, that wee choile is it; thin, the little darlint? Sure an' whose choile wud he be but his mother's beyant?"
What a wonderful language the French is!—*Danbury News.*

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

A good story is told in Figaro apropos of the recent first production of Dumas' "L'Etrangere." M. Febvre, who played the part of Clarkson, the American, is noted for his extraordinary zeal for the minutiæ. He wore in the play the chin-beard without moustache, which is customary with Americans, but unheard of among Europeans, and Figaro declares that it looked so true to life that one might believe that Febvre had cut it from the chin of a veritable Philadelphian. Every article and detail of his make-up, from the boots on his feet to the buttons on his shirt, was faithful to the life. So careful was Febvre in the matter that he spent eight days in the places most frequented by Americans, searching for the type of Clarkson. At last he saw a Bostonian of marked and singular aspect, and immediately exclaimed, "*Voila Clarkson!*" Taking out his crayon, he made a sketch of the American on the spot, took a memorandum of the material of his clothes, and had a precisely similar suit made by an American tailor. When he appeared upon the stage he was the exact reproduction of the American. Many Americans were present at the customary semi-public final rehearsal of the piece. Next day Dumas' valet brought him the card of a stranger, who was waiting to see him. The stranger was admitted, and Dumas gave a cry of astonishment. The man who confronted him was the exact portrait of Clarkson, the American so well represented by Febvre. Dumas, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, demanded the object of the visit. "Sir," said the stranger, "I know that authors and romancers often change the names of their characters in response to the demands of people who bear the same names. I have come to beg you to cause M. Febvre to change his make-up; he has taken, as you see, my face without my authorization." Dumas could not acquiesce with this demand, but, by pleading eloquently, he finally persuaded his visitor to sacrifice his own physiognomy! And when the American went out among his countrymen and countrywomen, the colony exclaimed, as if in chorus, "How Mr. R—— has changed; he has cut off his beard!"

HOW TO DISTINGUISH TEAS.

Oolong teas are very highly dried, of wiry, brittle leaf, and valued according to degree of strength and pungency, and freedom from dust.

Souchongs are the strongest black teas. The leaves are large, thin, and often broken. The infusion is clear, golden and aromatic.

Congou teas have small, short, grayish black leaves.

Gunpowder is a heavy tea, of a dark green hue, and the leaves rolled in hard balls.

Imperials are in larger grains than gunpowders, and in color a silvery green.

Hysons have long, straight, fleshy, grayish-green leaves, rolled lengthwise on themselves, with sweet aromatic flavor.

Twankays are known by the large, yellowish, badly rolled leaves and strong odor. The infusion is a deep yellow, and of clear, sharp taste.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Irish stew is a dish never seen in Ireland.

Cat-gut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep.

Kid gloves are not kid, but are made of lamb skin or sheep skin.

Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians.

Tube-rose is no rose, but the tuberous polianth (*Polianthes tuberosa*).

Salad oil is not oil for salads, but oil for cleaning callets or salads—*i. e.* helmets.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed of carbon and iron.

Turkish baths are not of Turkish origin; nor are they baths at all. They are hot air rooms.

Salt is not salt at all, and has long been wholly excluded from the class of bodies denominated salts.

Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by Cleopatra, nor in honor of that queen; but by Rameses the Great.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potassa.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow in Brazil; nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of palm leaf, and is chiefly imported from Cuba.

Whalebone is no bone at all; nor does it possess any properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the lower jaw of the whale, and seems to strain the water, which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Sealing wax is not wax at all; nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, venice turpentine, and cinnabar. Cinnabar gives it the deep red color, and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured or exported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance, prepared from common frankincense, and brought from Hamburg; but by far the largest quantity is a mixture of rosin and palm oil.

PEN, INK AND PAPER.

How sadly these three invaluable articles are sometimes abused. What arrant fools men and women occasionally make of themselves by rashly committing to black and white the promptings of their passions and prejudices. If there is anything in the world that should not be done hastily—that imperatively demands a sober second thought—it is letter-writing. Indiscreet epistles, like curses, are very apt to come home to roost, and the flutterings they create in domestic dove-cots are in some cases terrific. One would suppose that the exposures of impulsive correspondence which from time to time take place in our courts of law would teach both sexes to be cautious in their written communications. Not a bit of it. The wisest heads have their soft places, and philosophers, discoverers, statesmen, and what not, often sing remarkably small in their off-hand scribblings not intended for the public eye. Your intellectual lion, under the influence of the tender passion, not unfrequently becomes as "spoony" as a sucking-dove, and the love-letters of great men differ but little, as a general rule, from those of common simpletons. Such revelations of the "inner life" of those whom the world has delighted to honor are painful. They almost tempt one to believe that the lights of philosophy and art and literature are by nature as weak and foolish as the rest of us, and that their public role is only a "borrowed part." Let all impulsive people beware of pen-and-ink garrulity.

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths, too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

THE world often for us takes hue and aspect from the predominant state of our spirit; it seems summerly or winterly, dark or bright, according to the change of our inward times and seasons. We breathe upon it the summer power that makes it seem as we are.

THOUGH sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures.

Shattered Constitutions Rebuilt.
In the use of a wholesome invigorant lies the only hope of rebuilding a shattered constitution. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are not only an eminently wholesome tonic, but they rectify with most satisfactory promptitude derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are incompatible with a return of health and strength. When the system is enfeebled by disease, by the wear and tear of business life, by continuous mental anxiety, by the exhaustion consequent upon late hours and fast living, by overwork and by sedentary habits, the Bitters are the most reliable medicinal agent for imparting permanent vigor to the debilitated frame. The new stock of vitality which they infuse into the broken-down physique, and the orderly action which they establish among the organs of digestion, secretion and evacuation, moreover, constitute its best safeguard against malarial disease.

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for Indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, SCHENK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine.

Sold by all druggists.

Burnett's Cocoaine.—A PERFECT DRESSING FOR THE HAIR.—The Cocoaine holds in a liquid form a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose. *No other compound* possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the *best and Cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Colds and Coughs.—Sudden Changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" let the Cold, Cough or irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
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E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON.
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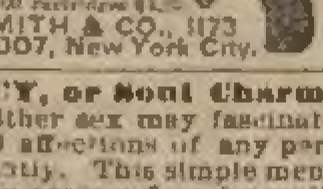

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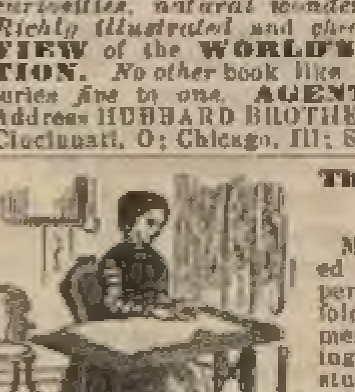

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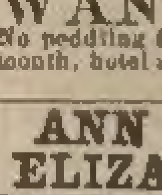

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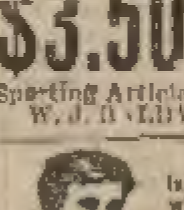

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PRICES EXTREMELY LOW *for* cash during this Month. Monthly Installments received.

A Liberal Discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* AGENTS WANTED.

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"THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN.—Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially 'human' in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in Solo or with Full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ."—*Rural New Yorker.*

"THE WATERS PIANOS are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge."—*New York Evangelist.*

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PATTERSON & NEILL,
General Agents,
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THE BOUDOIR.

Here we are in May—beloved of the poets in all ages, but by actual experience proven to be an unreliable coquette; despite her bluebirds and robins, and her apple-blossoms and daffodils. The prudent still retain sufficiently warm clothing to make them feel the fact that it is only "just playing at spring," until June fairly sets in—at least in this climate.

The result of which rambling prologue is, that since you still need cashmere overdresses and wraps we shall continue to give details concerning them.

Despite the popularity achieved in other dress adjuncts by the inevitable cream-color in all its dainty shadings, we greatly prefer for street costumes, where one walks, and does not recline in charming ease among the luxurious cushions of a landau, occasionally stepping out and pacing a few yards from store to store, a black cashmere overdress or polonaise.

Nothing can be more elegant than the combination of cashmere and faille. We saw a very new and elegant street suit composed of the above-mentioned *fabrics*. The underskirt, of silk, had but one deep box-plaited flounce on it. The cashmere polonaise had the long and numerous side forms in the back, coming down in a Marguerite form, below which was a sash drapery. Deep parasol pocket of silk. Silk facings up the front, and on the cuffs and collar. Buttons of dark blue steel, and fronts cut to lap diagonally. Such, in brief, were the outlines of a very neat and stylish polonaise.

A dress of very deep blue vigogne was combined with blue silk of a darker shade, striped with fine hair lines of black. The underskirt, of vigogne, had a flounce of the same, with triangular pieces of silk set in at intervals around the flounce and box-pleated with it, giving a novel and pretty effect. The deep overdress, of silk, had a facing or fine shirring of vigogne all around the bottom and up the sides of the front. A deep pocket, extending from waist to bottom of the overskirt, laid in plaits, and composed of vigogne and silk, was put on the right side. A deep Continental vest, of vigogne, was placed under silk fronts of the basque, and the vigogne sleeves were trimmed with deep cuffs of silk shirred, and extending in a point on the outer seam nearly to the elbow. Round standing collar of vigogne lined with silk, and having "broken points" in front, completed the costume.

A pretty suit for a "girl graduate" was of fine, sheer, Swiss muslin, made "en traine," and with the back widths laid in a deep quadruple box-plait, edged at the bottom with a fine knife-plaiting. The front and side widths were arranged in shirrs of eight inches wide at the lower part, which headed a six inch flounce edged with a knife-pleating, and graduating in width to six inch shirr, as it neared the belt. Bands of insertion divided the shirrs, although cording would answer very well. The waist was high and shirred to correspond—as were the sleeves. A sleeveless corset waist, of deep blue silk, laced up behind, was also worn.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Among the pretty novelties for trimming hats and bonnets is a soft crepe silk material called "gros de Suez," not "gros de Inez," as printed in a former number by error.

The newest extravagance in suits is of gingham, old-fashioned gingham, trimmed with linen lace, and made coquettishly, to wear at croquet parties, etc.—only costing when complete from $100.00 to $125.00!

Lace dolmans and sleeveless sacques of Brussels net, with applique of silk chainstitched on, will be much worn this summer.

Low drooping plaits or two thick curls below high mounted puffs is the latest in coiffure.

Sheer batistes, of ecru and gray, will be worn over black and brown silks.

Damasse parasols are "the latest."

Mantles and sacques are en regle for summer wear.

Polonaises of all shapes, some plain, others loaded down with trimming, are on every side.

The Juive overdress is often laced down the entire length of the back with a silk cord run in eyelet-holes worked in the silk.

Small buttons are worn upon dresses now, generally of silk to match the dress, or crocheted twist.

Blue steel buttons are considered stylish upon black alpaca or other woolen suits.

Overdresses of fine sheer lawn, pink or blue, will be worn, made of puffs, with rows of white insertion between.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We shall give a description of how to make a set of newspaper straps, wherewith to adorn the library or parlor, and gladden the hearts of those who really value their papers—especially the POST—and are grieved to note the dust and general ruin that overtakes them when scattered on the tables, etc.

These straps may be crocheted and lined with some stout material; but the best plan, and the one for which we propose to give directions concerning the making, is to use canvas and embroider the straps.

Two straps are all that are required: being two inches wide, and about a yard in length. Only twenty inches of this strap need to be embroidered; we will tell you what to do with the rest when we come to the directions how to put them together. A vine pattern is pretty, either of shaded leaves or flowers; or else a double Grecian pattern, done in chalk-white and two shades of slate-colored beads. Fill in the unwrought ground with dark or bright crimson, or else green or black. So much for the embroidery of the straps, now for the rest of them. Line the inner part of the canvas, after working, with a color to correspond with the groundwork of your embroidery, and continue the lining on to the end of the strap, turning in the edges of both canvas and lining, overstitching them with silk, and covering the stitches with a row of beads of a color to correspond with the embroidery pattern.

The crossbar to which these straps are attached may be straight across, or else of an arched form at the top—our model is the latter, and has a pattern worked across it to match the design upon the straps, and is similarly filled in.

Attach the straps to each end of the bar, attaching them on with two rows of stitching done with strong silk twist; arrange so that the embroidered part of the straps will be outside when turned up. Across the places where you have sewed on the straps sew two pieces of canvas, also wrought, each piece two and a half inches long and one inch wide; now turn up the straps, and, having finished the ends in a neat point, attach a strong loop of silk braid or routache to each—or we should say loops of braid, for three are needed: the first is right below the pointed end, and attached to the inner part, or lining; the second is four inches above the first; the last is one inch from the point, or, if preferred, directly at the end of the point. Two inches above the pieces of canvas sewed on where the straps are attached to the bar, sew on a strong but not very large button, with a shank to it—this is to button the straps to by means of the different loops, first slipping the straps through the little cross-pieces. They can be then regulated to hold a greater or less quantity of papers as need may arise—folding the papers neatly across once or twice, and slipping them in from the sides. The whole is hung upon the wall by means of loops at each end and in the middle. Only try this very pretty and convenient method of preserving your papers, and we are sure you will vote us sincere thanks for the suggestion.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ALICE.—If you are very fair you can wear the pale shade of green you refer to, but we think it will be trying even then if you have no color. For artistic combination of tints you can have no more perfect guide than the flowers that grow around your path. Notice the various tints of green—see the lightest in contradistinction to the clear delicate tints—bright pink, fresh blue, or primrose, etc. Use cashmere lace for trimming your overdress.

MRS. J. L. MCK.—The best pattern for your little girl's dresses will be the modification of the kilt suit now in vogue. It has the back widths laid in kilt plaits, and the front in one wide box-plait, trimmed up the left side with bows of ribbon and buckles, or else rosettes. Low down on the right side is a deep pleated pocket, headed by a bow of ribbon with ends, and having loops of ribbon set in at the bottom. The basque waist is deep in front and short in the back, buttoned down the back, or else with fronts falling away to disclose a pointed vest. Trim with plain bias folds or else knife-pleatings.

MISS ANNABEL E.—We have seen the new waterproof patterns of which you have heard, and assure you they are very neat and convenient. As you desire a description of the simplest one, we will give you an account of one, in a sort of shaded *gray* or cameo plaid material. It was cut sacque fashion, having a seam down the middle of the back, sloped in at the waist somewhat. In front it was buttoned from throat to hem. Small but loose dolman sleeves were set in, making it easy to slip on, and giving an appearance of style; on the outer seam of these sleeves were arranged in a perpendicular row of buttons. A row of wide braid edged the sleeves. Two deep pockets were placed on each side of the front and a deep pointed collar finished the throat. We admired it much more than the more highly ornamented ones, of which there were not a few.

NINON.

SAVING MATCHES.

BY J. K. M.

"This is the second match I have picked up in this house to-day," said Paul Yardley, with considerable severity in his tone. "It is a very bad sign, indeed, Matilda, with regard to our prosperity. If one is not saving in these small matters, no matter how large the income is, one can never get on in life. I have often spoken of having one of those mantel-vases filled with lamplighters, so we need not use so many matches, but, for some reason, I never get these things attended to. I am sorry to say it, Matilda, but we are running behind in our affairs, and I must be allowed to repeat a remark I heard a man make yesterday, 'A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.'"

So saying, Paul lighted his cigar with the air of a man who has discharged a weighty duty. He felt that he had administered a very fitting rebuke to his wife's wastefulness, and he walked away to his shop completely satisfied with himself.

Matilda went about her accustomed duties with a slightly depressed air, as Aunt Sylvia could not help observing.

Aunt Sylvia was making a visit at the house of her nephew, and could not help taking mental notes of much that went on around her.

She was Paul's mother's sister, and had tried to do her duty by the boy when he was growing up, but she felt that somehow she had missed a point or two.

She quietly resolved that she would do her best to supplement former deficiencies before she went home.

She would open Paul's eyes a little, so that he might take a juster view of himself and his wife, if it were in her power to do it.

Not being any of his "wife's relations," it was easier for her to speak out.

Besides, she had a few thousand dollars to leave to somebody, and that gave weight to her opinions among all her nephews and nieces, not to speak of their parents.

So it happened, on that rainy evening, as Matilda was hushing the baby to sleep in the nursery, that Aunt Sylvia took occasion to have a little talk with Paul.

"So business does not go exactly to your mind these times, Paul," she remarked.

"Why no, auntie, not quite. We ought to make another payment on our house next month of fifty dollars, but I can't raise five dollars."

"What is the trouble?"

"Business is dull, and it costs a great deal to keep house. I am not sure but boarding would be cheaper. I don't think Matilda understands saving quite as well as she ought. She does not mean to be wasteful, of course, but little leaks sink a ship."

"Just like every man since Adam's time," said Aunt Sylvia, a little tartly. "Always ready to throw the blame on a woman. Now I have been in your house above a week, and I am of the opinion that Matilda is a much more saving and prudent wife than you deserve."

"You always were hard on me, Aunt Sylvia," said Paul, in an injured tone.

"None too hard for your good, Paul. If Matilda was a little more self-asserting and less patient with you it would be to your advantage. I blame her for putting up with what you said this morning about that match. She should have spoken her mind to you plainly. Paul, how many matches do you suppose one cigar would buy? Hundreds. Thus, every time you smoke a cigar you waste, in reality, hundreds of matches. If Matilda struck off a whole box to light her fire it would not begin to compare with your wastefulness. I know you do not smoke less than three cigars a day. That is enough to keep your wife in matches for weeks, if not for months.

"Now paper-lighters," she continued, "are all very well when you have children to make them. But a busy housekeeper's time is too valuable for such work. You remember the old proverb about saving at the spigot. You would have your wife continually on the lookout about those infinitesimal economies which save nothing, while you squander dollars on trifles that you could better do without.

"The loss of a day to your business is another great waste. How many weeks pass without a holiday of some sort? Last week it was a journey by railroad, which cost you three dollars fare, and I don't know how much more for dinner. This week you know you hired a horse to go with a friend into the country to see his new place. When has Matilda taken even half a day's holiday?"

"But a woman's place is at home, auntie," said Paul, rather vexed at being cornered.

"And a man's place is at his business. It cannot go on all the same when he is away from it—that is, if he has any ability worth speaking of. Come, Paul, you must learn to be more reasonable, or I shall have cause to be ashamed of my share in your bringing up. Drop this habit of looking out for motes in your wife's eyes, and consider the beam in your own eye.

"So distinctly understand, my boy," said Aunt Sylvia, with her decided shake of the head which Paul knew so well, "not a penny of mine ever goes for cigar-money or livery-stable debts, except it is to take wife and child out for a drive. I am quite willing to have you call on me for that supply once a week. I expressly stipulate that the customary cheque which I send down on Christmas is to be spent to the last penny on Matilda herself, and I am to have the privilege of looking over her account book, with the items noted, when I come again.

"She will not have the slightest objections, and it will serve as a check to your teazing it all away from her. You see I don't forget how you used to teaze your old auntie in former years, and I must try to make amends to your wife for spoiling her so badly."

The sound of a weary little foot on the stair put a stop to further conversation, and presently Matilda entered, and with all haste brought down the sewing-basket in an absent way, and forthwith was immersed in its contents.

Her fingers were nimble, in spite of the day's hard work, and mended garments were laid out, neatly folded on the table, one after another, in a way that astonished Paul's newly opene eyes.

To think that she must work on an on for hours after his work was over and he never had thought about it before! And he had been calling her wasteful, and all that, in return!

"I am an awful scamp, auntie," h said, suddenly, as he arose and picked up the basket and set it back on th shelf, while Matilda followed him with bewildered eyes.

Auntie nodded approvingly, and Matilda inquired if Paul had gone crazy.

"No, dear; I am just coming to my right mind. No more work after thi time of night, or I shall feel compelle to lose your thimble."

"I'm afraid your toes will be cold thi winter, if I don't—not to speak of poor little Frankie's."

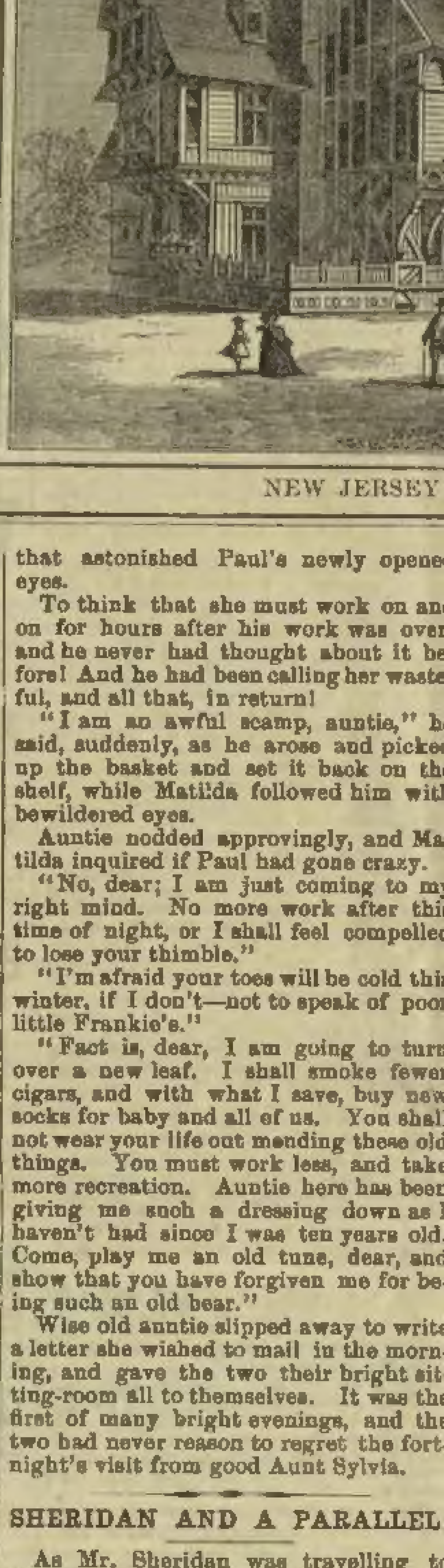
"Fact is, dear, I am going to turn over a new leaf. I shall smoke fewe cigars, and with what I save, buy new socks for baby and all of us. You shal not wear your life out mending these old things. You must work less, and take more recreation. Auntie here has been giving me such a dressing down as haven't had since I was ten years old. Come, play me an old tune, dear, and show that you have forgiven me for being such an old bear."

Wise old auntie slipped away to write a letter she wished to mail in the morning, and gave the two their bright sitting-room all to themselves. It was the first of many bright evenings, and the two had never reason to regret the fortnight's visit from good Aunt Sylvia.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Located on the north side of Stat Avenue, occupying one of the most prominent positions within the enclosure stands the New Jersey Pavilion. Th building is one of the most singula looking structures to be met with anywhere on the grounds, and everybod who does not know to whom it belong is quite sure to ask the question. I the early days of the State, such cottage were erected, and the idea of those interested was to give the visitors an ide of the style of architecture that the prevailed.

This building is an exhibition in it



NEW JERSEY

SHERIDAN AND A PARALLEL

As Mr. Sheridan was travelling to London in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Mr. Paull was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster voters. In the course of conversation, one of them asked his friend to whom he meant to give his support.

The other replied, "To Paull, certainly, for though I think him but a shabby sort of a fellow, I would vote for anyone sooner than that rascal Sheridan."

"Do you know Sheridan?" inquired the stranger.

"Not I, sir," was the answer, "nor should I wish to know him."

The conversation dropped here, but when the party alighted for breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman, and said:

"Pray, who is that very agreeable friend of yours? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I should be glad to know his name."

"His name is T——, he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach, soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law.

"It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men rise from it to the highest eminence in the state, and it gives vast scope to the display of talent. Many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T——, who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

The gentleman, fired at the charge, said very angrily, "I am Mr. T——, sir."

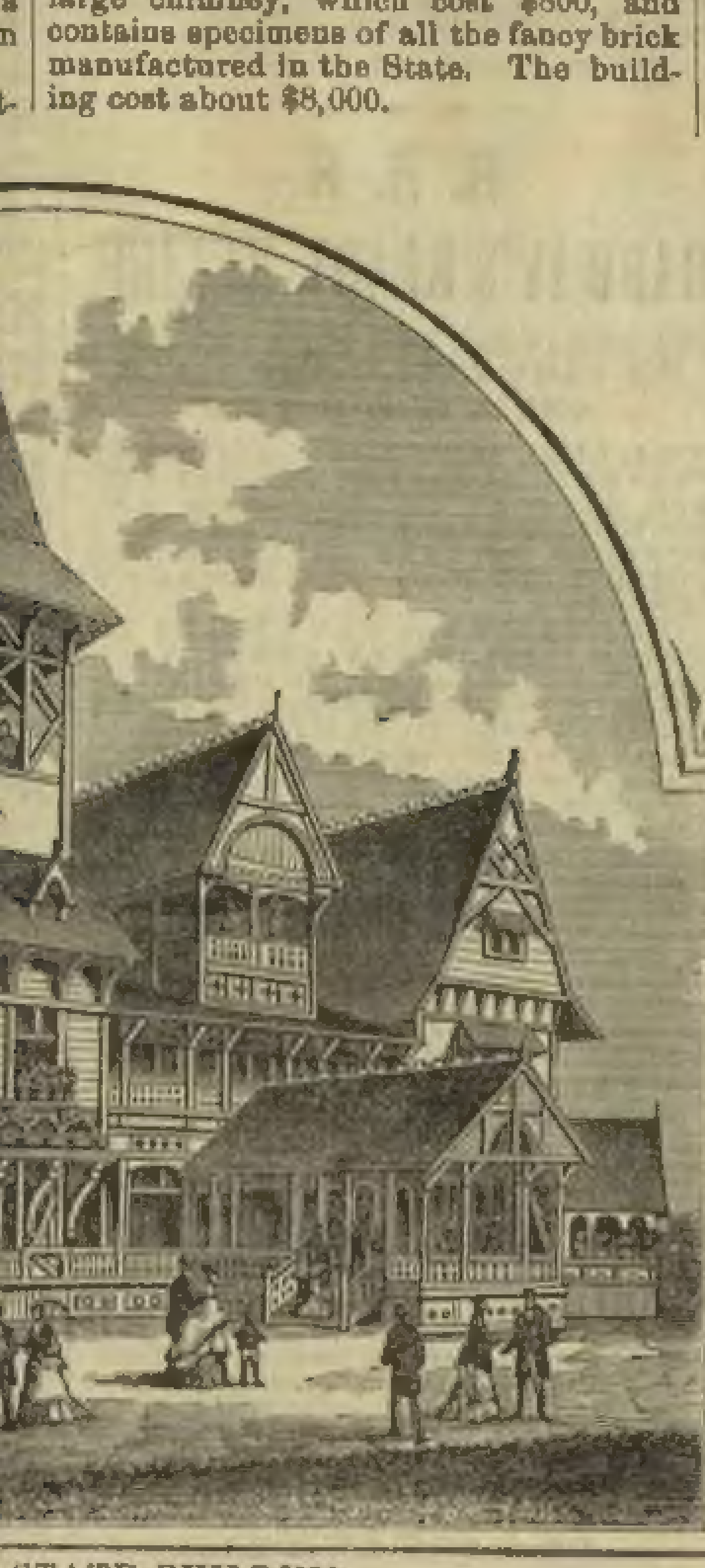
"And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply.

The jest was instantly seen. They shook hands; and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself with great spirit in promoting his election.

The following, somewhat in parallel, occurred in New Hampshire at the time when Adams and Jackson were opposing candidates for the Presidency. Genuine party spirit never ran higher, and political Billingsgate came near being exhausted.

A lady whose husband was an Adams man and whose brother was a Jackson man, and both of whom were leaders in town politics, took the stage to cross a portion of the State. Her only companions were two gentlemen, apparently unacquainted with each other. The self, showing, as it does, the characteristics of the Holland dwelling-house, as it years ago appeared, after being transplanted to American shores, and improved in comfort and general beauty by the addition of American ideas.

It is a two-story frame cottage structure of the Gothic order, and is 83 feet in length and 42 feet in width; the roofs are peaked and bisected, and covered with tiles, which adds uniqueness to its appearance. Over the main entrance is an observatory; on one side of it is a large chimney, which cost $800, and contains specimens of all the fancy brick manufactured in the State. The building cost about $8,000.



STATE BUILDING.

condition of the roads opened a conversation, which soon developed into a fierce discussion, as the gentlemen were opponents in politics, and the names of the husband and brother were very freely handled. One thought the Adams man was everything that was needful for an honest and upright man and politician, and that the Jackson man was, to use his own expression, "the dregs of creation." The other reversed the picture, and painted his favorite in the highest colors.

It proved that neither of the quarrellers knew, personally, the gentlemen of whom they were talking, and in order to instruct themselves as to their general appearance, appealed to their lady companion to know if she did.

"Yes," said she, "I live in the same town with them—one is my husband and the other is my brother."

At the next hill, both of the gentlemen thought they might "lighten the horses' load," and so they finished their journey on the outside seat of the stage.

HOW SHE MANAGES IT.

"Is my hat done?" inquired a cold-looking lady at a Chicago millinery establishment one pleasant day this week.

"Yes, ma'am," politely responded the shop-woman, "it will be here in a moment."

An assistant soon brought up the bonnet, and while the customer was duly inspecting it, the store proprietress ventured to inquire:

"How do you like it, ma'am?"

"It's simply horrid!" was the reply.

"But it's just as you ordered it," pleaded the maker of head wear.

"Yes, something as I ordered it," was the short and sneering answer.

"I'm really sorry, but—"

"Well, never mind," broke in the buyer, with set lips; "what's the expense?"

"A-b-o-u-t seven dollars, I guess," said the shop woman, timidly.

The money was paid over and the bonnet ordered up to the house, when the purchaser pranced out upon the street and immediately exclaimed to an accompanying lady friend:

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

"Yes," replied the friend; "it's ravishing. But how could you talk so to that woman?"

"Talk so?" exclaimed she of the new bonnet; "why, if I had let her know how much I liked the hat, the woman would certainly have charged me fifteen dollars, but now you see, I've got it for seven!"

The other woman said that she had never thought of that, but would profit by her friend's ripe experience, and never like an article again until she had bought it.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

A fashion journal says "waists are to be longer this year;" but as long as they are not broader, young men with short arms will manage to get around them.

If a man wants to look up in the world, he should engage to whitewash the ceilings for his wife during house-cleaning time. But the probabilities are that he has no aspirations in that direction.

An exchange says: "Some of our boatmen are training green mules for the towpath." We suspect that on account of the backwardness of spring, mules will be a month later than usual getting ripe.

The Signal Service last year cost $200,000. For this sum "Old Probabilities" should give us balmy breezes, beautiful sunshine, refreshing showers (when needed), and gorgeous rainbows, all the year round.

A woman who went to a concert to hear Blind Tom "play by ear," writes that she was swindled, and wants us to expose the fraud. She says that instead of playing by ear, he played with his fingers, just like other performers.

When a king, or a prince, or a duke, or any other great man visits New York, the city makes such a fuss over him, and gives him such dyspepsia-encouraging dinners, and contracts such a big debt for the taxpayers to liquidate, that we have about concluded not to visit that city.

—*Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It would require the application of tremendous mechanical power to stretch a bar of iron only the fraction of an inch in length; yet when heat expands it to the same extent it does it at the expense of precisely the same amount of force. The same principle is forcibly illustrated by a wagon tire which sometimes crushes a wheel by its contraction when the heat is removed.

The wonderful expansive force of growing vegetable tissue, is shown by the fact that a young squash, whose sides and bottom were imprisoned in iron bands, and across the top of which a lever, with weights attached, was placed for the purpose of experiment, at six weeks old had lifted 80 pounds; at two months, 1,100 pounds, and at three months the extraordinary weight of 5,000 pounds.

A new style of fireproof window-shutters has been patented by a hardware manufacturer of St. John, N. B. The invention has for its object the connecting of all the window-shutters upon each row, or upon each side of a building, so that they may be closed or opened at the same time, and from any floor of the building upon which the operator may happen to be. The shutters are of iron and are hollow, running on wheels on a rail above them. They are connected together by hollow rods, so that they may be kept parallel and all move together. The wheels are attached to each shutter, and the rail on which they travel is protected by a cornice from the ice or snow. The hollow pipes are at the bottom. In the walls of the building are rods working up and down, and to them are attached balance weights which keep taut the chain by which the shutters are moved. On the inside of one of the shutters on each story, is a tap to which a hose may be attached. In case of fire a person in the inside of a building can turn a crank or pull down one of the perpendicular rods in the wall, and the shutters of all the front, or of any one story, will instantly close. So soon as they are closed a hose is applied to the tap on the inside, and the water fills the hollow shutters, passing from one to another by the pipes at the bottom. In this way the shutters are kept cool in the midst of a fire. The water is liberated little by little by small holes in the pipes.

There is now on exhibition in Machinery Hall a hoisting crane that is worthy of mention, which was constructed by Appleby Brothers, of London, England. Its general appearance is something like a locomotive engine without the cab for the engineer and the fireman. It is a self-propeller, and used for the purpose of clearing away wrecks and lines of railway in case of collision or other accident. At the end farthest from the engine there is an arm of heavy timber, to which are suspended chains, hooks, blocks and tackle arranged something in the same style as the dredging machines seen upon the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The peculiarity of the machine is that it is self-acting; the arm revolves on a pivot near the front, it hoists and lowers about three tons weight, and is driven by a pair of six horse cylinders, the stroke being about ten or twelve inches. The wheels are joined by connecting rods and the usual propelling gearing. In order to insure steadiness in the lifting power, in front of the wheels there are patent "clutches," which are under the control of the engineer, intended to take hold of the truck and prevent slipping along the rails. The machine is worth about $500.

In a recent lecture on "The Physical, Mental and Moral Influences of Foods," Dr. Everett laid down four rules for the preservation of good health, which were, light eating, good air, exercise and repose. He opposed activity of mind or body immediately after meals, and advised a rest of half an hour. For clear heads, good complexions and strong backs, wheat meal, fresh beef and beans were recommended. Buckwheat cakes are good in winter, but unsweetened fruits are the best summer food. Salmon is the best fish for brain material, codfish and beans for building up muscle.

Dr. Schoot has subjected a large number of samples of iron and steel to microscopical examination, and gives, as the result of his observations, that on the regularity and the smallness of the crystals of any specimen depend the good properties of the metals. In the good qualities, also, the crystals were placed very regularly near each other.

PERSONALITIES.

Christopher Columbus! Three steamer-loads are coming from Genoa to the Centennial.

It is no wonder that Annie Louise Cary is going back to Europe. She estimates that the presents she received during her recent sojourn there amount to at least $50,000.

Gen. Sabert Oglesby, who had command of the division of General Jackson's army nearest the river in the battle of New Orleans, is still living in Texas. He was one hundred years old in February.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz has been elected to fill the vacancies at the three prominent Zoological and Natural History Societies of Europe formerly filled by his father, Prof. Louis Agassiz.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century: woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds, "We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up; no, never."

Mrs. Fitch (General Sherman's daughter) will wear her diamonds, after all, the Senate having unanimously passed a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to admit the Khedive's present free of duty.

The approved style of announcing weddings wrought a very significant combination in a Georgia exchange of a recent date. Mr. Harry L. Cramp was married to Miss Nettie Kollick, and a paragraph to that effect was headed "Cramp—Kollick."

Mrs. Grundy says Mr. James Gordon Bennett has authorized a friend in Washington to deny that his marriage is postponed. It will take place this summer, the friend adds, "as usual." Query: Is J. G. B. in the habit of being married in the summer? Is it chronic?

Krupp is making preparations for the production of a gun that is to weigh 126 tons, which is to throw a shot that will pierce 2 feet thick armor plate. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war:" therefore let us "go one better" by making a 127-ton cheese.

About two weeks ago, Mr. Joseph Snavely, of Orrville, Pa., commenced building a house, and in forty-six hours work the house was finished, painted, papered, etc. The size of the house was twenty-eight feet square, containing four rooms on the first floor and four rooms on the second.

Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris will occupy a house in London during the season, which will begin there in about a month from the present time. They will be presented at the Queen's first "drawing-room." As the wife of a British subject, our President's daughter must be presented at the Court of St. James as an English woman.

Colonel A. A. Spencer, a son of the ex-Secretary of the Navy whose brother was hanged at the yardarm of the brig Somers for mutiny in 1848, was recently assassinated in the court-room at Chamois, Mo., by a stranger, who gave his name as Jeffries. He entered the court-room, and, saying to Spencer, "Colonel, what have you done with your wife?" shot him three times, once through the head.

The Duke of Norfolk has the largest rental in England, owning as he does land in the West Riding of Yorkshire which returns an income, in round numbers, of $1,156,500 per annum. The Earl of Derby has also an enormous estate, receiving $783,540 from lands in Lancashire and $32,300 from Cheshire. Sir John Ramsden, who is said to own the whole of Huddersfield, has a rent roll of $830,000, which also comes from Yorkshire land.

Apropos of the veto of the salary bill, the fact is revived that as a rule all the later Presidents came out of office poorer than they went in. Mr. Fillmore retired to a two-story wooden house, and was possessed, in all, of about $20,000 of real and personal estate, a sum less than Charles O'Connor got for his care of the Forrest divorce case. Polk was poorer when he went home. So was Pierce, and so were nearly all the later Presidents.

Norman McLeod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor. "Did ye ever hear ony thing sae gran? Wasna that a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met by a stolid glance, she shouted, "Speak, woman! wasna that a sermon?" "Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it!" exclaimed the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had whustled it!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Found at Last. Castles in the Air. The Beautiful Gate. A Friend in Need. The Trial by Fire. Exiled from Home. A Centennial Legend. One Hundred Years Ago.

A. B. C.—A male flirt is worse, if such a thing be indeed possible, than a female one. We have no sympathy whatever with your misfortune, as you call it, having lost the young lady by your folly. You must support your disappointment as best you can.

Quaker City.—When you say that the area of the City of Philadelphia is as large as that of London, you are right, but it is only that of the City of London proper, which is a little over 129 square miles, about the same as that of Philadelphia. The great metropolis, London, covers an area of 698 square miles, more than five times the size of Philadelphia.

A. E.—It is not usual for a lady to shake hands with a gentleman on the occasion of their introduction. The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman. The usual custom is, on the performance of such a ceremony, for the lady simply to bow to the gentleman, and not to extend her hand to him for a shake.

Hugo.—A gentleman should be careful how he pays a young lady friendly attentions in such a manner as that she may mistake his friendship for a warmer feeling. When such a catastrophe takes place, as seems to have been the case in your instance, the gentleman who permits it is apt to be chargeable with the greater portion, if not, indeed, all of the blame.

Indignant.—You ought not to blame the young lady so severely for being so sensitive in regard to her parents' commands. A good girl is always obedient to her parents. The more conscientious she is in regard to her filial duties, the more apt she will be to be equally conscientious as to her wifely duties. We have often said, and we will now repeat it, that the best daughters are almost certain to make the best wives.

D. H. W.—We do not believe that it is at all necessary to disclose all the secrets of your previous life to the man whom you are going to marry. Even a husband may be trusted with more secrets than he can comfortably carry. Do not put any extravagant trust in anyone, and above all, beware of a female confidant. Always keep two or three secrets concealed from them, just to keep their curiosity awake.

W. M. N.—The best method of determining which is the heavier, a cubic ton of ice or one of water, is to weigh them separately. You can do that as well as ourselves. 2. The whale is popularly supposed to be the largest of the fishes, but as he belongs to the order Cetacea and is not a fish, the honor will probably fall to some member of the shark family. 3. The name of Lot's wife is not mentioned in the Bible. According to Jewish tradition, it was Edith.

Centennial.—The difference between a St. Andrew's cross and a Maltese is, in the latter two arms are upright and two are horizontal; they are narrow at the base and wide at the extremity. In the former, all the arms are placed at an angle or slant, and are of equal thickness throughout, the general form being that of the letter X. The Roman cross—that of the crucifixion—had upright and horizontal arms of equal width throughout, the lowest arm being the longest.

A. F. S.—The total area of land in the United States in 1870, was 3,603 884 square miles. Texas has the largest area, 274,356 square miles, and Rhode Island the smallest, 1,306 square miles. California has an area of 188 981 square miles; Nevada, 104,125, Oregon, 95,274; Minnesota, 83,531; Kansas, 81,318; Nebraska, 75,995; Missouri, 65,350; Florida, 59,268; Georgia, 58 000; Michigan, 56 451; Illinois, 55,410; Iowa, 55,045; New York, 47,000. Massachusetts is the most densely populated State, having 286.84 persons to a square mile, while Nevada has but 0.41 to the same area.

Inquirer.—Thomas Paine was an Englishman by birth. In the year 1776, he had been in America but very little more than a year, but that period had been long enough to imbue him with the spirit of political liberty. He now wrote a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," in which he energetically advocated the independence of the Colonies and the founding of a Republic. This pamphlet immediately attained an enormous circulation, and undoubtedly had a powerful influence in toning the public mind for the great and momentous steps which were then impending.

R. F. S.—The motto is as follows: "*Non lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*," the English of which is "Ye who enter here abandon not every hope." This is the negative of the celebrated inscription recorded in Dante's *Inferno*.

F. C. T.—You are in a serious dilemma, and how you are going to get out of it is more than we can tell. "Engaged to two young ladies; if you marry one, you will be prosecuted for breach of promise; and if you marry the other, you have a prospect of family troubles and quarrels before you." We cannot decide which is the worst, the frying-pan or the fire.

J. P. L.—Is in a post office, where a young lady, an utter stranger to him, calls every day, and he says he knows by her smiles and glances that she loves him, and he, in return, loves her, and all this without their ever having spoken to each other. He wishes us to advise him how to form her acquaintance. We don't think that, with a young lady who, if he is to be believed, is so ready to meet him half way, at least, he needs any very ceremonious introduction; and if he cannot bring about the so much desired acquaintance with all the encouragement he has, he must be a very bashful young gentleman, and we can give him no help.

Reader of the Post.—Joseph Hopkinson, late of Philadelphia, and son of Francis L. Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration on Independence, was the author of the patriotic song, "Hail Columbia; Happy Land." The song was written in 1798, for the benefit of an actor named Fox. Both father and son were possessed of high culture and extensive literary attainments, and the son succeeded the father as Judge of the United States District Court of Pennsylvania. Joseph Hopkinson defended Judge Chase in his impeachment trial before the United States Senate, and also was counsel for Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, in his famous case against William Cobbett.

H. E. S.—It seems to us that we have answered, in substance, the question which you put to us, at least a hundred times. But we are not surprised that we should so often be inquired of by young people as to the method of making the course of true love run smooth. The experience of lovers is to them always new, and it is natural that they should ask the same questions over and over again. There is high authority for the assertion that the course of true love never did run smooth, and that it never will run smooth; therefore, we suppose that lovers must be content to float upon its perturbed current with as much patience as they are capable of exhibiting under such difficulties. In your particular case, patience and discretion will do much. You must not try to force your parents into a course against which they seem so zealously to have set themselves.

Bridesmaid.—"Can you tell me why orange blossoms form a characteristic part of the dress of a bride, and whence the fashion originated?" It is fashion only that determines the flowers assigned to the bride; and orange blossoms have been adopted from the French, who, from time immemorial, crowned with them the newly-married pair. In Germany, the crown is of myrtle. In Switzerland, it is of mixed artificial flowers. At Rome, and even in England, as late as the time of Henry VIII., the bride's garland was of wheat ears. Herrick tells us that bridal flowers were "Roses and lucky four-leaved grass;" and Hackett speaks of primroses, maiden's blushes, and violets as used upon the occasion. Rosemary was also used at weddings as well as at funerals, for in an old ballad, "The Bride's Good-Morrow," it is said:

"Young men and maids do ready stand,
With sweet rosemary in their hand,
A perfect token of your virgin life."

Gertrude.—"Six months ago a gentleman solicited correspondence. I complied, and we have written to each other regularly ever since. The connection would be advantageous in every point of view, and I do not wish to retain him longer as a mere friendly correspondent. But his letters are not as yet in the least degree lover-like, although he evidently esteems me highly. How shall I find out what his real sentiments are, or do you think he will himself declare his intentions before long? Pray advise me." We can only counsel patience. You do not say whether you are personally acquainted with each other, or whether it is one of those cases of correspondence between utter strangers to which we have always been opposed. If the former, the gentleman will himself come forward, and you can do nothing to hurry matters. If the latter, how can you reasonably expect a man who has never seen you to fall in love with you merely from your letters? In either case, however, time will solve the question, and you must have a little patience.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Emma.—To take ink out of muslin, use salts of lemon, which you can get at any drug store. S. H.—There is no better way of learning than by practice. Employ your leisure by copying out passages from some good book. H. B.—In the realms of fiction, we know of no novels purer in their tendencies or more interesting and instructive than those of Sir Walter Scott. Fair Play.—You should first ascertain whether there is any truth in the report. Begin by frankly speaking to the young man himself about it. O. M. F.—The young man's silence is reply enough, surely. It would be very wrong for you to write again. M. E. H.—Being defective, we should say without any hesitation, that the coin is of no value.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*